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FORSAKEN.

BY RITA.

The sky is cheerless with clouds of gloom ;
  The boughs are bare and the leaves are shed;
The rushes sway to the surging tune
  Of a stream whose music is dull and dead ;
And never a gleam of sun o'erhead,
  And never a blade of grass left green ;
And crystal jewels all strewn and spread
  Where thousand flushes of bloom have been.

The birds are singing no song of joy ;
  The ivy covers an empty nest ;
Will chill of the winter's breath destroy
  The light of summer within my breast ?
For comes the touch of a doubt unblest,
  And it breaks the calm of a tender dream,
And the crystal cold of his hand has prest
  My hope from a hope that "might have been."

O swaying rushes and shivering birds.
  O stream that has never a song to sing,
O fickle swallows who heard his words,
  Half whispered here in the silver spring,
My sighs with you to the south may bring
  The old, old story of trust betrayed ;
For here I weep, while on wayward wing
  You flit and flutter through sun and shade.

I see you where my love has flown ;
  I see you follow the shimmery track
Of a sunlight spread on a sea sun strown
  With rays that never may lead him back ;
For few and fickle are vows that lack
  The truth that lives in the far, far north :
O love, O life, that you might come back,
  If only to tell what love is worth !

Is it worth a summer of bliss divine,
  Or a thousand kisses in haze of night,
Or a thousand vows that proclaim you mine,
  Or a wrong that never can be set right ?
Is it worth the shedding of tears that blight
  Those eyes whose lustre you loved so well ?
Is it worth the loss of a life's delight
  To love too little—or love too well ?

O sorrowful eyes all dark and dim,
  That look at me from an amber cloud—
A cloud that was burnished gold to him,
  Who touched it once with a touch so proud !
O face that has gathered the winter's chill
  On lips and brow that to him were vowed !
I would you could follow him where he will,
  Or—sink to rest in the summer's shroud !

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER I.

"I say, Rasp. Confound the man! Rasp, will you leave that fire alone? Do you want to roast me?"

"What's the good o' you saying will I leave the fire alone, Mr. Pug?" said the man addressed, stoking savagely at the grate; "you know as well as I do that if I leave it a half hour you never touches it, but lets it go out."

Half a scuttle of coals poured on.

"No, no. No more coals, Rasp."

"They're on now, Mr. Pug," said Rasp, with a grim grin. "You know how the governor grumbles if the fire's out, and it's me as ketches it."

"The office is insufferably hot now."

"Good job, too; and it's cold enough outside, I can tell you; and there's a draught where I sits, just as if you'd got yer ear up again the escape-valve of the air pump."

"Get a screen, then," said the first speaker, impatiently, as he scratched his thick, curly, crisp brown hair with the point of a pair of compasses, and gazed intently at a piece of drawing-paper pinned out upon the desk before him.

"Screen? Bah! What do I want wi' screen? I can stand wind and cold, and a bit o' fire, too, for the matter o' that. I aint like some people."

"Hang it all, Rasp, I wish you'd go," said the first speaker. "You see how busy I am. What's the matter with you this morning? Really, you're about the most disagreeable old man I ever knew."

"Disagreeable? Old?" cried Rasp, seizing the poker and inserting it in the bars for another good stoke at the office fire, when the compasses were banged on the desk, their owner leaped off the stool, twisted the poker out of the stoker's hand, and laughingly threw it down on the fender.

"I'll get Mr. Parkley to find you a post somewhere as fireman at a furnace," said the first speaker, laughing.

"I don't want no fireman's places," growled Rasp. "How'd the work go go on here wi'out me? Old, eh? Disagreeable, eh? Fifty aint so old, nayther, and just you wear diving soots for thutty year, and get your head blown full o' wind till you're 'most ready to choke, and be always going down, and risking your blessed life, and see if you wouldn't soon be disagreeable."

"Well, Rasp, I've been down pretty frequently, and in as risky places as most men of my age, and it hasn't made me such an old crab."

"What, you? Bah! Nothing puts you out—nothing makes you cross 'cept too much fire, and you do get waxey over that. But you try it for thutty year—thutty year, you know, and just see what you're like, then, Mr. Pug."

"Confound it all, Rasp," cried the younger man, "that's the third time in the last ten minutes that you've called me Pug. My name is Pugh—PUGH—Pugh."

"'Taint," said the old fellow, roughly. "I aint lived fifty year in the world, and don't know how to spell. P E W spells *pew*, and P U G H spells *pug*, with the H at the end, and wi'out it, so you needn't tell me."

"You obstinate old crab," said the other, good-humoredly, as he stopped him from making another dash at the poker. "There, be off, I'm very busy."

"You allus are busy," growled the old fellow; "you'll get your brains all in a muddle wi' your figuring and drawing them new dodges and plans. No one thinks the better o' you, no matter how hard you work. It's my opinion, Mr. Dutch—there, will that suit yer, as you don't like to be called Mr. Pug?"

"There, call me what you like, Rasp, you're a good, brave, true old fellow, and I shall never forget what you have done for me."

"Bah! Don't talk stuff," cried the old fellow, snappishly.

"Stuff, eh?" said the other, laughing, as he took up his compasses, and resumed his seat. "Leave—that—fire—alone!" he cried, seizing a heavy ruler, and shaking it menacingly as the old fellow made once more for the poker. "And now, hark here—Mrs. Pugh says you are to come out to the cottage on Sunday week to dinner, and spend the day."

"Did she say that? Did she say that, Mr. Dutch?" cried the old fellow, with exultation.

"Yes, she wants to have a long chat with the man who saved her husband's life."

"Now, what's the good o' talking such stuff as that, Mr. Pug?" cried the old man, angrily. "Save life, indeed! Why, I only come down and put a rope round you. Any fool could ha' done it."

"But no other fool would risk his life as you did yours to save mine, Rasp," said the younger man, quietly. "But, there, we won't talk about it. It gives me the horrors. Now, mind, you're to come down on Sunday week."

"I aint comin' out there to be buttered," growled the old fellow, sourly.

"Buttered, man?"

"Well, yes—to be talked to and fussed and made much of by your missus, Master Dutch."

"Nonsense!"

"'Taint nonsense. There, I tell you what, if she'll make a contract not to say a word about the accident, and I may sit and smoke a pipe in that there harbor o' yourn, I'll come."

"Arbor at this time of year, Rasp?" laughed the younger man. "Why, it's too cold."

"What's that got to do wi' it. Just as if I couldn't stand cold. Deal better than you can heat."

"Then I shall tell her you are coming, Rasp. What would you like for dinner?"

"Oh, anything'll do for the likes o' me. I aint particular."

"No, but we may as well have what you like for dinner."

"Oh, I aint particular. Have just what you like. But if there was a bit o' tripe on the way I might pick a bit."

"Good!" said the other, smiling, "you shall have some tripe for dinner for one thing."

"Don't you get letting it be got o' purpose for me. Anything'll do for me—a bit o' sooity pudden, for instance."

"All right, Rasp. Tripe and suet pudding on Sunday week."

"If ever there was," said Rasp, thoughtfully, as he made an offer to get at the poker, "a woman as was made to be a beautiful angel, and did'nt turn out to be one because they forgot her wings, that's your missus, Master Dutch."

"Thank you, Rasp, old fellow, thank you," said the young man, smiling; and his eyes brightened as he listened to this homely praise of the woman he worshipped.

"But what's a puzzle to me," continued the old fellow, with a grim chuckle, "is how she as is so soft, and fair, and dark-haired, and gentle, could take up with such a strong, broad-shouldered chap as you, Mr. Dutch."

"Yes, it was strange," laughed the young man.

"I should more like have expected to see you pair off wi' Captain Studwick's lass, Miss Bessy. Now, she's a fine gal, if you like."

"Yes, she's a fine, handsome girl, Rasp; and her father's very proud of her too."

"I should just think he ought to be," said Rasp. "Why, it's my belief if any chap offended her, she'd give him such a clap aside o' the head as would make his ears ring."

"I don't know about that, Rasp," laughed the other; "but I do believe whoever wins her will have a true-hearted Englishwoman for his wife."

"O' course he will, else she wouldn't be the skipper's lass. Bless her!—she's always got a nice, pleasant word to say to a man when she comes here with her father. He used to think you meant to make up to her, Master Dutch."

"Nonsense, man, nonsense!"

"Oh, but he did; and then this other affair come off. I never could understand it, though."

"Ah, it was a problem, eh?" laughed the younger man.

"For you aint good-looking, are you, sir?"

"Not at all, Rasp," laughed the other. "We should neither of us get the prize for beauty, eh, Rasp?"

"*I* should think not," said Rasp; "but I always was the ugliest man our way. I think she took to you because you were so straight, and stout, and strong."

"Perhaps so, Rasp."

"I've heerd say as the more gentle, and soft, and tender a woman is, the more she likes a fellow as is all big bone and muscle, so as to take care of her, you know. That must ha' been it, sir," continued the old fellow, chuckling, "unless she took a fancy to your name. Ho! ho! ho!"

"No, I don't think it was that, Rasp, my man," said the other, quietly.

"More don't I, sir; Dutch Pug. Ho! ho! ho!"

"Dutch Drayson Pugh, Master Rasp."

"Pugh's bad enough," said the old fellow; "but Dutch! What did they call you Dutch for?"

"It was a whim of my father," said the other. "My grandfather married a lady in Holland, and in memory of the alliance my father said—so I've often been told—that as I was a fair, sturdy little fellow, like a Dutch burgomaster in miniature, I should be called Dutch; and that is my name, Mr. Rasp, at your service."

"Well, you can't help it now, sir, any more than you can the Pug; but if it had been me I should have called myself Drayson."

"And seemed ashamed of the name my dear old father gave me, Rasp? No, I'm not the man for that," said Dutch, warmly.

"No, sir, you aint," said Rasp, in a more respectful tone, as he looked at the flaming up in the younger man's cheeks, and in his heart of hearts acknowledged that he was not such a bad looking fellow after all; for, though far from handsome, he was bold, bluff, and Saxon of aspect, broad-shouldered, and evidently Herculean in strength, though from his deep build and fine proportions, in no wise heavy.

Now, on the other hand, Rasp was a decidedly plain man, rough, rugged, grizzled, and with eyebrows and whiskers of the raggedest nature possible. Their peculiar bristly quality was partaken of also by his hair, which, though cut short, was abundant; and though you might have brushed it to your heart's content, it was as obstinate as its owner, for it never lay in any direction but that it liked.

At this point Rasp, who was a favored old servant of the firm in which Dutch Pugh held a confidential post, made another attempt to stoke the fire, was turned on his flank, and retreated, leaving the young man to busily resume the drawing of a plan for some piece of machinery.

It was a dark, gloomy-looking room, that in which he worked, for the one window opened upon the narrow street of the busy sea port of Ramwich; and a heavy, yellow fog hung over the town, and made the office look gloomy and full of shadow.

The place was fitted up as a private office, and near the window was placed one of those great double-sloped desks, so arranged that four people could stand, or sit upon the high leather-covered stools, and write at it at the same time. A wide level divided the two slopes, and this was dominated by brass rails, beneath which stood a couple of those broad, flat, pewter inkstands common in commercial offices, and which in this case it was Rasp's delight to keep clean.

There were other objects about the gloomy office, though, upon which Rasp bestowed his time: for in three places, fitted on stands, and strapped to the wall to prevent their falling forward, were what looked at first sight, as they peered from the gloom, like so many suits of grotesque armor; for what light there was gleamed from the huge polished helmets, with their great brass latticed goggle glass eyes—whose crests were tubes, and ornamentation glistening rims and studs of copper. A nervous person coming upon them in the dark might easily have been startled, for, with a certain grim idea of humor, Rasp had by degrees so arranged them that they leaned forward in peculiarly life-like positions—the hand of one holding a copper lantern, another being in the act of striking with a massive hatchet, and the third holding a huge crowbar in a menacing mode.

Farther back in the gloom stood a strange-looking air pump; while in various directions, coiled and trailed like snakes, great lengths of india-rubber tubing, apparently in disorder, but really carefully kept ready for instant use, this being Rasp's special task, of which he was proud to a degree.

"This is a teaser," said Dutch to himself, after making sundry lines on the paper before him, and then pausing, compasses in one hand, pen in the other. "Valve A to close tube B—escape valve at A dash—small copper globe at B dash, as a reservoir, and —hum—ha—yes—to be sure, small stop-cock in the middle of the copper tube at H. That's it! I've got it at last."

"Of course you have—I knew you would," said a short, quick voice.

Dutch started, and turned sharply round, to confront the little, square-built man who had entered the office quietly, and stood peering over his shoulder.

"Ah, Mr. Parkley! I didn't hear you come in," said Dutch, smiling.

"Too busy over your work," said the new-comer, who seemed all hat and comforter, from between which peered a pair of keen, restless eyes. "I knew you'd work that out, Dutch, or else I shouldn't have given you the job. Dutch Pugh, I'd give something for your cleverness with pen and pencil. Look at me, sir, a man dragged up instead of brought up—a man who never signs his name, because he can't write decently—a man who can hardly read a newspaper, unless the type's big. Ignorant, ignorant to a degree—a man——"

"Of sound judgment, sir," said Dutch, interrupting him, "who from the power of his brain and long experience has suggested more improvements in hydraulic machinery than any of our greatest scientists, and who has not only originated and made this great business, but whose opinion is sought from everywhere in all great diving cases."

"Stuff—stuff—stuff, Dutch! I'm ashamed of my ignorance."

"And who is one of the wealthiest men in Ramwich."

"Gammon and flattery, Dutch, my lad," said the other, taking off his great hat, to place it jauntily on one of the diving helmets, and then returning into the light, with his great bald head shining, and his dark, restless eyes twinkling good-humoredly. "Here, catch hold of that," he continued, thrusting one hand into his chest, and dragging out the fringed end of his white woollen comforter.

Dutch Pugh laid down his compasses, smiling, and took hold of the comforter, when its wearer began slowly to turn round before the fire, as if he was being roasted, unwinding about three yards of comforter from his neck, and then giving a sigh of relief as he again went into the back part of the office, and hung the woollen wrap round one of the diver's necks.

"I've managed to make bread and cheese, Pugh—bread and cheese," he said, chuckling, as he came back, climbed upon a stool by that of his assistant, and sat with his hands on his knees. "Yes, bread and cheese; beef and horseradish. Pugh, how's the little wife?"

"Quite well, Mr. Parkley," said Dutch, smiling.

"That's right, bless her! Tell her I'm coming down to spend a Sunday soon."

"We shall only be too glad, sir," said Dutch, smiling. "When shall it be?"

"Soon, man; but not yet. Too busy. I've got this big job on," he continued, rubbing his bald head, which looked as if he had worn a diver's helmet till all the hair had been frayed off. "Oh, here's a letter."

For just then Rasp came into the office, not quietly like his master—who walked slowly and heavily, as if putting down boots with massive leaden soles, and seemed as if he were wading through deep water, and liable to get entangled amongst sunken rigging—but with a bang and a rush like a big wind, and even made the letter he held in his hand rustle as he held it out to Mr. Parkley, saying, with a surly snarl:

"Letter. Answer. Waiting."

Then, uttering a snort, he walked across to the diving suits, snatched off Mr. Parkley's hat, whisked off the comforter, and dabbed them both on a hat-peg close at hand; after which he took out a blue large check cotton pocket handkerchief, drew forward a set of short steps, and, growling as he did so, began to breathe on the bright copper, gave it a good polishing, and then went off to his den.

"See that?" said Mr. Parkley, nodding his head sideways at Rasp, as he went out—but not until he had seized the poker, rammed it between the bars with a scientific twist, and made the blaze go dancing up the chimney. "See that, Pugh? He's the real master here. He's a tyrant."

"Well, really, sir, he has his own way pretty well."

"Rare stuff, though, Pugh, my dear boy—rare stuff. That man's one you can always trust in any emergency. I'd leave my life in his hands at any time."

"I know that, sir," said Dutch, warmly. "He is as true as steel."

"Right, Pugh, my dear boy—right. But look here," he continued, thrusting a finger in the young man's button-hole. "I wish you would drop that 'sir' to me. I don't like it. I'm only a business fellow, and you've had the education of a gentleman, and I feel sometimes as if I ought to say 'sir' to you."

"My dear sir——"

"There you go again."

"Well, my dear Mr. Parkley, then, I have you to thank for so much kindness."

"Stuff! stuff! stuff?" cried the elder, laying his hand playfully on his mouth. "You came to me to help me, and I was to pay you for that help. Well, look here, Pugh, you've been no end of value to me, and get worth more every day. What I pay you is nonsense to what you are worth. Now, look here; in three months you will begin the current business year with me as junior partner."

"Mr. Parkley!" cried the young man, astounded, as his employer leaped off his stool, and took down and replaced his hat.

"Say no more," he cried; "I don't act without thinking, do I?"

"Never, sir."

"Then it's all right. Catch hold of this," he continued, handing the young man one end of the comforter, and then, tucking the other in under his waistcoat, he slowly wound himself up in it again, tapped the letter, and said—"Big job on here—I'm going to see them about it;" and then, lifting his feet in his peculiar way, he seemed to move out of the office as if he were under water, and the door closed behind him.

CHAPTER II.

GOLDEN PROMISES.

The last words of his employer had such an effect upon Dutch Pugh that he leaped from his stool, and began to pace the office excitedly, for this was beyond his wildest dreams. Partner in such a business, where he knew that many thousands were netted every year! He could hardly believe it. At one moment he was all exhilaration, thinking of the delight it would afford his young wife; at the next, he felt a strange sensation of depression, as of coming trouble. It was as if the sunshine of his life had been crossed by a black shadow; and minute by minute this increased upon him, till he shuddered, started, and turned round, to glance uneasily about the office, as if expecting to see trouble there.

And then it seemed to him as if the three goblin like figures were laughing and blinking at him weirdly, menacing him with crowbar and hatchet; and, as if in a dream for the next few moments, he seemed to see himself engaged in some dangerous diving experiment, and at the mercy of an enemy who sought his life, while his young wife pleaded for him and in vain.

It was all misty and strange; his brain was confused, and he could the next minute no more have analyzed this waking dream, or idealized the actors therein, than have flown; but there, for a few brief moments, was the impression upon him of coming trouble—trouble so horrible that it menaced his life and the honor of her he most dearly loved. That was the impression, but how, when, where, he could not comprehend.

"Am I going mad!" he exclaimed, dashing his hand to his forehead. "What an idiot I am!" he cried, with a forced laugh. "That old rascal has made the place like an oven, and the blood has flown to my head. There, only to think what trifles will upset a man, and, if he is weak-minded, make him superstitious and fanciful. Some men would have really believed that a terrible calamity was about to befall them, when it was only——"

"Here's a gentleman to see you," said Rasp, barking out his words, and ushering in a stranger.

Dutch Pugh involuntarily started, for he seemed to be in the presence of a stranger, and yet somehow the face was familiar to him. It was that of an exceedingly handsome man of about thirty, who took off a soft sombrero hat, and loosened the folds of a heavy black cloak, one end of which was thrown over his shoulder. He was evidently a foreigner, for his complexion was of a rich creamy tinge, his crisp black hair curled closely round a broad, high forehead, his dark eyes glittered beneath straight black brows, h[illegible]nose was slightly aquiline, and the lowe[illegible]art of his face was covered with a thick, silky, black beard.

As he loosened the cords of his heavy cloak with his carefully-gloved hand, Dutch Pugh saw that he was faultlessly dressed, and, as he smiled and showed his white teeth, he said in good English, but with a perceptible foreign accent:

"Mr. Parkley, I learn, is out. I address Mr. Pugh?"

"The same," said Dutch, who seemed fascinated by his look. "Will you take a chair?"

A cold chill came over the speaker as the visitor smiled and seated himself, but only to be succeeded by a feeling of suffocation; and for an instant his brain swam, and the dreamy feeling seemed about to return, but it passed off instantly, as, rousing himself, Dutch said:

"You will find this room too hot, perhaps. Shall I open——"

"Hot!" laughed the stranger, taking out a card and letter of introduction. "My dear sir, it is comfortable after your chilly streets. I am from Cuba, where we see the sun."

As he spoke he handed a card, upon which was printed:

"Senor Manuel Laure."

"You will open the letter?" he continued, passing the one held in his hand. "No?"

"Mr. Parkley will be here shortly," said Dutch. "Would you prefer to see him?"

"Yes—no," said the stranger. "I should like to see him, but I am content to talk to you. You Englishmen are so intelligent, and those who sent me here told me that their fellow-countrymen would be ready to help my designs."

"May I ask what they are?" said Dutch, who began to feel suspicious of the stranger.

"Yes, for I shall betray nothing. First, am I right? Yes," he said, glancing round, and pointing at the diving suits, "I see I am right. You work under water—dive?"

"That is our business, and the making of apparatus."

"Apparatus? Oh, yes, I understand. Would you—would Mr. Parkley like to make a great fortune?"

"Not a doubt about it," said Mr. Parkley, entering, all hat and comforter. "How do?" he continued, bluffly, as the visitor rose and bowed, and then scanned him searchingly, as hat and comforter were placed once more upon the diving suit.

"This is Mr. Parkley, the head of this establishment."

"I am delighted," said the stranger, raising his eyebrows, and half-closing his eyes. "Will you, then, read?"

"Thinks I don't look it, Pugh," said Mr. Parkley aside, as he took the letter handed him, opened it, glanced at the contents and superscription, and then handed it to Dutch.

"Sit down, sir," he said, sharply, as he perched himself on a stool, as jerkily as the stranger resumed his full of grace. "Read it aloud, Mr. Pugh."

Dutch still felt troubled; but he read, in a clear voice, the letter from a well-known English firm at Havana.

"Dear Sir—The bearer of this Senor Manuel Laure, comes to you with our earnest recommendation. He has certain peculiar projects that he will explain. To some people they would appear wild and visionary; but to you, with your appliances, they will doubtless appear in a very different light. He is a gentleman of good position here, and worthy of your respect. If you do not see fit to carry out his wishes, kindly place him in communication with some other firm, and do what you can to prevent his being imposed on.—Faithfully yours,

Roberts and Moore."

"To Mr. Parkley, Ramwick."

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Parkley, upon whom the letter wrought a complete change. "Good people, Roberts and Moore. Supplied them with a complete diving apparatus. So you've come over on purpose to offer me a fortune?"

"Yes," said the visitor, "a great fortune. You smile, but listen. Do I think you a child, sir? Ah, no. I do not tell you I want to make a great fortune for you only, but for myself as well."

"Of course," said Parkley, smiling, and showing in his manner how thoroughly business like he was. "I thought that had to come."

"See here, sir— This Mr. Pugh is in your confidence?"

"Quite. Go on."

"See, then, I have travelled much, boating—yachting you would call it in England—all around the shores of the Great Gulf of Mexico. I know every island and piece of coast in the Carib Sea."

"Yes," said Mr. Parkley, drumming on the desk.

"I have made discoveries there."

"Mines?" said Mr. Parkley. "Not in my way."

"No, sir—better than mines: for the gold and silver are gathered and smelted—cast into ingots."

"Buried treasure, eh? Not in my way, sir—not in my way."

"Yes, buried treasure, Mr. Parkley; but buried in the bright, clear sea, where the sun lights up the sand and rocks below."

"Sea, eh? Well, that is more in our way. Eh, Pugh?"

"Read the old chronicles of the time, sir, two or three hundred years ago," said the Cuban, rising, with his eyes flashing, and his handsome face lit up by his glowing excitement, "you shall find that gold ships and plate ships—ships laden with the treasures of Mexico and Peru, taken by the Spaniards, were sunk here and there upon those wondrous coasts."

"Old women's tales'" said Mr. Parkley, abruptly. "Cock-and-bull stories."

"I do not quite understand," said the Cuban, haughtily, "except that you doubt me. Sir, these are truths. I doubted first; but for five years in a small vessel I have searched the Carib sea, and I can take you to where three ships have been wrecked and sunk—ships whose existence is only known to me."

"Very likely," said Mr. Parkley; "but that don't prove that they were laden with gold."

"Look," said the Cuban, taking from a pocket in his cloak a packet.

And, opening it out, he unwrapped two papers, in one of which was a small ingot of gold in the other a bar of silver. They were cast in a very rough fashion, and the peculiarity that gave strength to the Cuban's story was that each bar of about six inches long was for the most part encrusted with barnacle-like shells and other peculiar sea growths.

"Hum! Could this have been stuck on, Pugh?" said Mr. Parkley, curiously examining each bar in turn.

"I think not, sir, decidedly," said Pugh. "Those pieces of metal must have been under water for a great length of time."

"You are right, Mr. Pugh," said the Cuban, whose face brightened. "You are a man of sound sense. They have been under water three hundred years."

He smiled at the young Englishman as he spoke, but the other felt repelled by him, and his looks were cold.

"How did you get those bars and ingots?" said Mr. Parkley, abruptly.

"From amongst the rotten timbers of an old galleon," said the Cuban.

"But where?"

"That is my secret. Thirty feet below the surface at low water."

"Easy depth," said Mr. Parkley, thoughtfully. "But why did you not get more?"

"Sir, am a I fish? I practised diving till I could go down with a stone, and stay a minute, but what is that? How could I tear away shell and coral, and hard wood, and sand, and stones? I find six such ingots, and I am satisfied. I seek for years for the place, and I know three huge mines of wealth for the bold Englishman who would fit out a ship with things like those"—pointing to the diving suits—"with brave men who will go down with bars, and stay an hour, and break a way to the treasure, and there load—load that ship with gold and silver, and, perhaps, rich jewels. Sir, I say to you," he continued, his face gradually glowing in excitement, "are you the brave Englishman who will fit out a ship and go with me? I say, make a written bond of agreement to find all we shall want in what you call apparatus and brave men. I show you the exact place. I take your ship to the spot to anchor, and then, when we get the treasures, I take half for myself, you take half for yourselves. Is it fair?"

"Yes, it sounds fair enough," said Mr. Parkley, rubbing his nose with a pair of compasses. "What do you say, Pugh?"

"I hardly know what to say, sir. The project is tempting, certainly: but—"

"But it is a monstrous fortune," said the Cuban. "It is an opportunity that cannot come twice to a man. Do you hear? Great ingots of gold, and bars of silver. Treasures untold of which I offer you half, and yet you English people are so cold and unmovable. Why, a Spaniard or a Frenchman would have gone mad with excitement."

"Yes," said Mr. Parkley, "but we don't do that sort of thing here."

"No," said the Cuban. "You are so cold."

"It takes some time to warm us sir," said Dutch, sternly; "but when we are hot, we keep so till our work is done. Your Frenchman and Spaniard soon get hot, and are cold directly."

"That's right, Pugh, every word," said Mr. Parkley, nodding his head.

"Then you refuse my offer?" said the Cuban, with a bitter look of contempt stealing over his face.

"Do I?" replied Mr. Parkley.

"Yes, you are silent, and do not respond."

"Englishmen don't risk ten thousand pounds without looking where it is to go, my fine fellow," said Mr. Parkley, drumming away at the desk. "I don't say I shall not take it up, and I don't say I shall."

"You doubt me, then. Are not my papers good?"

"Unexceptionable."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Perseverence is the best school for manly virtue.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

Let not modesty take away thy courage in a good cause.

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character.

He who smiles at another's mistake forgets his own ignorance.

Everybody complains of bad memory, but nobody of bad judgment.

The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment.

Never attempt to draw the attention of the company constantly upon yourself.

Never pass between two persons who are talking together without an apology.

Never lend an article you have borrowed unless you haye permission to do so.

Never exhibit any anger, impatience, or excitement when an accident happens.

Anything we can love and reverence becomes, as it were, the Sunday for the mind.

Politeness is money, which enriches not him who receives it, but him who dispenses it.

A man that astonishes at first, soon makes people impatient if he does not continue to do it.

Reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him who utters them.

Philosophy, like medicine, has abundance of drugs,—few good remedies, and scarcely any specifics.

In general, there is no one with whom life drags so diagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can.

A man will not listen to truth told him by an enemy; and very rarely gets it from the mouth of a friend.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.

Never accept of favors or hospitalities without rendering an exchange of civilities when opportunity offers.

There is no sin we can be tempted to commit, but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than committing.

The beautiful in heart is a million times of more avail, as securing domestic happiness, than the beautiful in person.

I know one thing—if I stand by the principles of truth and duty, nothing can inflict upon me any permanent harm.

There are people with whom penitence stands for repentence—people with whom wearing mourning dispenses with feeling sorrow.

Credit is like a looking-glass, which when only sullied by a breath may be wiped clean again; but if once it is cracked it is never to be repaired.

There is no merit where thore is no trial, and till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowards may pass for heroes and faith for falsehood.

The man who walks "a thousand miles in a thousand hours" is more generally admired than he who walks uprightly through threescore years and ten.

Never forget that wrong doing cannot be made to pay in the end. It may hold out the promise of pleasure or profit, but shame and loss will surely follow.

It is better to set a frugal and welcome table before the guest instantly, than to keep him waiting a long time, in order to provide for him a splendid repast, perhaps grudgingly.

He who never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be coaritable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

OUR
BOYS
&
GIRLS

Jack's Search for the Happy Country.

A little sweep boy stood crying beside his donkey and cart, crying as if his very heart was breaking. Did you ever see a sweep boy crying? If so, you will quite understand what a small bundle of smut and tears, rags and sorrow, he was; what sooty rivulets were coursing down his thin cheeks; oh, he was such a poor little blot of wretchedness! And then all around him the world was bright, and sparkling, and gay, for it was winter-time, and the snow had come, and old King Frost was laughing and rioting everywhere. What cared he if some folks shivered in anything but warm garments? Ah, what cared any one? was the question swelling and sobbing in the sweep boy's desolate little heart. The sun shone, the sky smiled, the birds twittered and chirped, pert little sparrows and redbreasts flying hither and thither, as if in sport. The snow sparkled as if it were glad, glad of the coldness of the biting winds, glad in spite of folks' wants and sorrows. Oh, the sooty rivulets flowed faster and faster, as the boy thought it all! The donkey turned his head lovingly, one would fancy pitifully, towards him; his own life was none of the brightest, the ill-used donkey of a brutal master. Didn't he know Jack's little hand from all others? Didn't he know that the boy gave him many a sly mouthful, as time and opportunity served? Ay, he did, the sage old brute. And now his poor little friend was crying. He often cried, but not so long and hopelessly as to-day. The donkey turned to look at him, and made sundry little sounds, which no doubt had a meaning, if we only knew more of donkey language to give the interpretation. Whereupon Jack threw his arm round the old creature's neck, and gave voice to his grief. Let the old brute understand him or not, he must speak or he should die.

"Oh, Ned, Ned? I'm just starvin, and nobody cares, no, not one, but you, and you can't help me, 'cause you've nothing for yourself!" The boy's sobs seemed to choke him, and oh! the cold was so biting, the day so bright, and everybody else so glad?

They were just outside the great city, among gentlemen's villas; they had been plying their trade there early in the morning, he and his master; now his master was somewhere drinking, and he had to wait for him, he with Ned and the cart. Life had never been brighter for him than now; there was no golden past for him to live over again, that small mite of ten years; no golden future before him, stretching away and away; he had no ambition, beyond some day becoming the owner of such another boy, Ned, and cart, only his boy should have good times, and never a bone should stand out in his Ned's sides. That was all, his flights of imagination went no higher, rosy day-dreams never came to his life. Knowing no parents' love, what of affection, kindness, or tender care had ever dimpled his young face over with laughter? None at all; dimples in his thin cheeks were an impossibility. While he hugged his donkey's neck in his whirlwind of sorrow, a dainty little lady tripped out of a house near, and ran quickly up to him. She might have been a fairy to the smutty boy, so glinting was her hair, so fair and winsome her face.

"Little boy, what is the matter?" she asked, laying her hand on his sooty sleeve.

"I'm only hungry, and miserable, and longin' to die!" He did not look up, he was too hopeless for that.

"See, then, here's something to eat!" Her voice was like a silvery bell for sweetness, and out of her apron she took a huge hunk of cake, wrapped in paper, which she pushed against his hands, clinging round the donkey's neck.

He raised his head now. Was it true—that little lady, the large piece of cake, from which she was unfolding the piece of paper? He gave a great gasp, and pulled a lock of his sooty hair.

"'Tain't true!" were his words, as if dreaming.

"What isn't true?" asked the dainty little one, smiling.

"That that's for me;" and Jack nodded at the cake, which he was afraid to grasp.

"Yes it is, take it and eat it, poor little boy;" so saying, the gentle child fairly pushed it into his hands.

"Well, ma'am, you're a good un!" This was his thanks, poor boy, and thereupon he took the tempting present, and began to munch away at it, the little giver smiling the while at being called the ma'am.

"Why did you give it to me?" questioned Jack, cramming his mouth full.

"Because I thought you were hungry," replied the little girl, but she blushed and hesitated.

"Was that all? asked Jack, as if not satisfied.

"No, I thought too of my text to-day; it was, "Feed my lambs," said the little silvery voice.

"What's that?" queried Jack, in great astonishment, for the child's words were like Greek and Latin to him.

"My text was the words of Jesus," responded the little one. He tells us to feed His lambs, that is, the poor hungry little boys and girls, you know, for His sake." Jack did not know, his eager questioning eyes said so. But some one was tapping at the window, and calling the little girl, so she said, "Good-bye," gave him a smile, and darted away.

And just then an old blind reader, who often took his stand there—Jack had often seen him there before, his dog at his side, pert, bright, and sharp, as a blind man's dog should be—well, this same blind man began to read, and these are the words he read:—

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Hunger no more, thirst no more! Jack's heart craved and longed as he listened. That was the place for him—no hunger, no thirst, no scorching heat, the Lamb should feed them, and lead them to living fountains. The Lamb, who was He? He whose words the little girl's text was! God should wipe away all tears. But where was this wonderful place? He was about to ask the sightless reader, when up came his master.

"Go on!" he growled, giving poor Ned a kick, but neither word nor kick did he bestow upon Jack, so they all jogged on together, Jack keeping a sharp lookout for what might be in store for him.

Behind the glitter and show of the city was their home. Jack and Ned shared a dark little hole together. Thither they betook themselves this afternoon, Jack having first cooked his master's dinner, in a room very little better, and made him as generally comfortable as a black little urchin of ten years old could be supposed to bestow comfort. Then he gave Neddie his dinner, and sat down to wait, very like that poor Bible beggar, for the crumbs which fell from his master's table. Ned's dinner was a wonder of variety—a bit of straw, a bit of hay, a few cabbage-leaves, a half-decayed carrot or two, or a parsnip, odds and ends picked up by Jack for him at Covent Garden Market. This was Ned's dinner, and poor Jack's was very little better, a medley of scraps, and not enough of them, for his master was a hard selfish man. No wonder the child longed and mused over those wonderful words, about no hunger, no thirst; and smacked his lips as he thought of the little girl and her cake, while he made Ned go through his many antics of shaking hands, making a bow, and, by dint of coaxing, he would rise on his hind legs, and perform a stately jig, so well did the boy and the brute understand each other. Certainly a donkey does not look like a dancing animal, but there is only a letter different in donkey and monkey, and we all know what nimble-footed creatures some monkeys are, so we will suppose dancing possible to be performed even by an old sweep's donkey.

"Hunger no more, neither thirst any more;" the words ran his head like the sweet music of bells. If only he and Ned could find the place where this could be, how happy would be their lives! And when darkness was upon all, and the great city was slumbering, he and Ned stole out to go in search of it; yes, Ned must go, he could not leave him behind. Poor little ignorant Jack!

On, and on, and on they plodded, nobody heeding them, and when daylight dawned they were out in the country, pure and white in its snowy mantle; but, oh, it was cold, intensely cold, there! Jack's teeth chattered in his head, and Neddie looked wistfully at his little master, as if pleading for a little rest and a scrap of food.

"Poor Neddie! you must earn a breakfast for us both, and perhaps we shall soon be there," said Jack, patting him; and stepping up to the first cottage they came to, he put the startling question, "Please do you want to see a donkey shake hands?"

"Go away, you impudent little fellow!" said the sharp-looking woman who came to answer him, so the two were fain to jog farther.

Oh dear! the villagers generally did not care for wonderful sights; so thought Jack, the tears gathering in his eyes, as he plodded on from house to house without success. Once more he made the trial, his voice was so plaintive and pleading.

"Please; do you want to see a donkey shake hands? And he can bow and dance too," he added, as he caught sight of a group of rosy children sitting at breakfast—even Neddie peered in at the doorway, they looked so clean, so warm, and so happy.

"Yes, mother, do let us see the donkey act," pleaded the children, and their mother consenting, they all trooped out to watch him.

Good old Ned played his part well, shook hands with them all, bowed to them all, and danced as gracefully as ever an old donkey danced before or since. At the end of it all, Jack was invited to come inside and have some breakfast, and Neddie was regaled with cabbage-leaves, parsnips, and a drink of water, in an old outhouse. Then Mrs. Smith, the mother of the rosy children, heard Jack's simple story, and fell into a muse. The children laughed slyly at Jack, and whispered together; Jack smiled at them in return, and glanced anxiously at their mother.

"Please, ma'am, are you thinkin' which way that fine country lies which I want to find?" he queried at last.

"No, my child; I hope I know the way there, for I have a little boy called Jack gone there; I am thinking, would you like to live here in his place, wear his clothes, you know, and be our boy, and we will teach you the way to go to him, because it is a far, far country."

"Ay, wouldn't I!" cried Jack, whom a warm breakfast had made quite sprightly. And what about Ned?" he queried.

"Ned and you should be our Ned and Jack," said Mrs. Smith.

"Hurrah!" shouted the children, so loudly that Ned heard them and brayed out in chorus.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER FRASER.

'GREENWAY'S ROYAL HIPPODROME.
THE LARGEST AND MOST WONDERFUL CIRCUS IN THE WORLD.
Jumbo, the eccentric Elephant, and the extraordinary Peacock.
Mules, Donkeys, Dogs.
Banco, the Clown, and his inimitable jokes.
Startling and unparalleled feats of Equestrianism.
Mademoiselle Lucille, the Wonder of the West, on her trained horse Spitfire.
Doors open at seven o'clock.
Entrance, sixpence: reserved seats, one shilling."

It was a very exciting bill of fare for a dull cathedral town. And so thought, Harry Wilmot, a captain in the K. D. G. whose regiment had been quartered five dreary months in York.

He glanced at his watch.

"Five o'clock!" he said to himself, half aloud. "Just time enough to dine comfortably, and drop in about the middle. I'll go! Anything is better than the routine of this horrible place."

Harry Wilmot strolled quietly into a seat as much aloof as possible from his kind.

It was not a pleasant seat. It was next to the gate that gave admission to the ring, the man, indolent and ennuied dropped into his chair, and shrank into himself from the Proximity of an objectionable neighborhood.

The orchestra, after two discordant crashes, struck up a monotonous, but not unmelodious air. The gate opened wide, and Mademoiselle Lucille, the "Wonder of the West," on her trained horse Spitfire, appeared.

In she came amidst clapping of hands—a bit of a girl, scarcely more than a child; a slight figure in a tightly-fitting dark-green habit; a figure lovely now, but giving promise of perfection later; a face as beautiful as a houri's, pure as an angel's; great innocent blue eyes, very sad and wistful, a sorry contrast to the stereotyped smile that rested on the soft red lips.

With Spitfire she was a decided success. As she went round and round, the audience cheered and bravo-ed, while a deeper rose flush tinted her cheek. A smile still beamed on her half-parted lips, and the same sad wistful look dwelt in her large eyes; and Harry Wilmot, roused out of both indolence and *ennui*, sat with his gaze fixed on the girl's face.

That face had fairly fascinated him when the last round was completed.

The "Wonder of the West" flew down from her steed as lightly as a bird, and bowed and kissed her tiny hands to the audience she had taken by storm. Then as she turned to go, Harry Wilmot leant eagerly forward, and, taking a bunch of violets from his coat, he flung them down. They touched Mademoiselle Lucille's glittering hair in their fall. She quickly lifted up her face: two pairs of eyes met. Then the girl stooped, picked up the violets, and thrust them hastily into her bosom. Harry Wilmot strolled home through the silent York streets. The "Wonder of the West" had bewitched him. The demon of *ennui* was exorcised by Mademoiselle Lucille's face.

Young, handsome, heir to an old baronetcy, and an eligible, the fair Yorkites had pulled caps for him at the staid, highly respectable, and wearisome assemblies of the town. But Harry was impervious to their blandishments. He was of a peculiar temperament too. Impulsive, yet strong of will; passionate-natured, yet full of self-control; too indolent to flirt, too fond of independence to marry, yet withal experiencing a strange sort of void in his heart.

The honest truth was that no woman's face had ever really touched him until he looked on Lucille's.

The two following evenings found Harry at the circus. Immovable, almost spellbound, he saw Lucille in her flying rounds. On the third evening, with his hat slouched over his forehead, he waited in the shadow, near the back entrance of the building; and his heart very fast when a little figure, wrapped in a dark cloak, came out and slightly touched him in passing. That touch sent quite a thrill through him, and, starting forward, he laid a finger lightly on the girl's shoulder. She shrank away without glancing towards him, and hurried on as if afraid. But Harry felt as if he *must* speak to her.

"Mademoiselle Lucille!" he murmured, in a low voice, that shook a little in spite of himself.

She paused. Her face, smaller, whiter, lovelier than ever in the starlight, was turned fully to him. But she did not speak. He stood awkward and speechless for a moment.

"Forgive me," he said at last—"forgive for having detained you; but—"

She recognised him at this minute. He was the man who had fing violets at her—the handsomest man she had ever seen.

No answer; but she stood still.

It was no conventional wooing this. A handsome man, a lovely girl, a myriad of twinkling stars laughing in the clear sky, solitude, and—*proximity*.

Harry never knew how it came about. But Lucille's hand, looking like a small snow-rift, was fast imprisoned in his clasp, and Lucille's beautiful face was very close to his own.

"Lucille," he whispered, "I love you!"

He felt the hand flutter in his. He could hear her breath come fast, her heart beating in unison with his own; and all this emboldened him.

Harry Wilmot threw his arm round her. His blood was on fire, his head whirled round,

"Do you think you could love me, Lucille?"

The child had, like Juliet, "not cuming to be strange." Her lovely face grew like a blush rose, her sapphire eyes glittered like the stars above her.

"Yes," she answered very softly.

And Harry gathered her closer passionately kissed her sweet red lips.

"Greenway's Royal Hippodrome" proved a grand success. Throngs of people crowded in, and among the throng Harry Wilmot could be nightly seen. Harry gleaned that Lucille was simply a waif, a stray, cast on the rough waters of life.

"And you have no recollection of home?" asked Harry.

"No."

Mr. Blodgers (that was Greenway's real patronymic) had been her master.

With Harry! Well, a man's love has always a mingling of the material. He loved Lucille madly; he could not live without her. But then there were other considerations.

"And what shall we do when it is all over, my child?" he one night said to her.

"When all what is over?" she asked in a queer hushed voice. Not love! He could not mean love; for love was eternal.

"I mean when the circus leaves York—when you and I part, darling?"

"Part!"

The words broke from her in a whisper.

It was all up now. He could not marry her, but they must not part.

"Do you really love me, my little Lucille?"

She tried to answer, but she burst into a little sob. So Harry stopped, and pressed the quivering mouth, the tearful eyes.

"And I love, pet; love you so much that it would be worse than death to lose you!" he cried.

"I cannot marry you, Lucille." He said it honestly, bravely. But Lu[illegible] merely crept a little nearer to him.

Harry drew her arms round his neck.

"Our good-night, pet. Won't you kiss me of your own accord?"

And Lucille, with a boldness that sprung from simplicity, stood on tiptoe and kissed him fondly.

Harry Wilmot went home in a curious tumult of feeling. The result of which was that with an aching pain at his heart, such as he had never felt in his life before he found himself on the morrow in the down express, resolved to put miles and miles between himself and a dire temptation.

It was the last night of the circus, and Lucille's final tableau came. The whole house rose in a thunder of applause; but—

Close by the entrance to the ring was gathered a horror-stricken group. On the ground lay Mademoiselle Lucille; her blue eyes wide open, a smile still on her lips, and Spitfire's foot upon her chest.

Banco, the clown, pallid through his paint, drew the little childish figure from Spitfire's fatal tread.

A few days afterwards Harry Wilmot came back to York. He had made up his mind to marry Lucille.

What Harry felt, God and his own heart only knew.

Harry and reads his eyes grow very dim. Then he takes up the bunch of dead violets and presses them to his lips.

Those lips have never touched woman's lips since his poor little dead love laid her last kiss on them.

Separations of married folks are becoming more numerous yearly in France.

WINTER MORN IN THE COUNTRY.

BY A. H. JAPP.

The Sabbath of all Nature! Stillness reigns:
For snow has fallen, and all the land is white.
The cottage-roofs slant grey against the light,
And grey the sky, nor cloud nor blue obtains.
The sun is moonlike; as a maiden feigns
To veil her beauty, yet sends glances bright
That fill the eye, and make the heart delight,
Expectant of some wonder. Lengthened trains
Of birds wing high, and straight the smoke ascends.
All things are fairy-like: the trees empearled
With frosty gem-work, like to trees in dream.
Beneath the weight the slender cedar bends
And looks more ghost-like! 'Tis a wonder-world,
Wherein. indeed, things are not as they seem.

WINTER MORN IN TOWN.

Through yellow fog all things take spectral shapes:
Lamps dimly gleam, and through the window pane
The light is shed in short and broken lane;
And "darkness visible" pants, yawns, and gapes.
From roofs the water drips. as from high capes,
Half-freezes as it falls. Like cries of pain
Fog-signals faintly heard, and then again
Grave warning words to him who rashly apes
The skater, nearer. All is muffled fast
In dense dead coils of vapor, nothing clear—
The world disguised in mumming masquerade.
O'er each a dull thick clinging veil is cast,
And no one is what fain he would appear:
Nor any well-marked track on which to tread.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XIX.

When Madeline returned to her room she sat down on the floor desolate. The thought of her future life lay like a mountain on her heart; hope was cut off on every side, and she seemed like one standing on a desert waste, utterly alone. She began to repent of her mercy.

"Have I not suffered enough at the hands of these people?" she said to herself. "Why should I wreck my whole life now to spare them? I will denounce Mr. Lanyon. I will denounce Lord Crehylls—I will drag the whole gaping world around them to hear what I have to say."

But here her eyes closed, and she shuddered from head to foot. The punishment was so dire that she could not look upon it even in thought. And whatever Mr. Lanyon's guilt might be towards her, she felt she could not be his accuser, she felt she could not load him with infamy in his old age, and bring his gray hairs to the grave with shame.

"For his daughter's sake he has never shown me mercy," she said to herself bitterly "but for his own sake I will spere him. As for Lord Crehylls, on him I will have no pity, save the pity of silence, and if I could strike him without piercing Mr. Lanyon's heart, I would not hold back the blow a moment. Every instant of hesitation, and of forbearance, is a wrong to my father and mother."

She started up, as this thought stung her, and began to pace the room; then her eyes fell on her lover's letter, lying on the table where she had placed it, before unlocking the desk. She caught it up and kissed it passionately, and unfolding it, read it slowly, letting quiet tears drop unchecked upon the paper. It was a large sheet, folded in the old-fashioned way, when the postage between Cornwall and London was a shilling, and stamps and envelopes were things unthought of—and as it trembled in her hand, she saw upon the edges, doubled inwards, a sentence which had escaped her eye. It read thus:—

"I think you will truly be my first client, Madeline, for I have seized a clue to that strange Carbis mystery. I hold it in my hand now, and following it, as I mean to do, I shall soon track down that man—the hawker, who has so curiously disappeared from all his haunts since the terrible day of Carbis's death. I promised Mr. Lanyon I would not name this matter to you unless I had good cause to believe I should find the man. Judge how good the cause is by my telling it."

Madeline laid down the letter, and passed her hand across her eyes, bewildered by these strange words. Then she thought she understood it all—it was another deception of Mr. Lanyon's, another lie he had told to screen and save his daughter's husband. Evidently he was careless how many victims he made, so he kept intact Agatha's happiness, and Geoffrey Crehylls's name and fame.

Seizing pen and ink eagerly, she wrote with a hurried hand, "You are deceived entirely. Take care what you do. I beseech you let no other innocent man suffer; one is surely enough. Do not search for the hawker; he is as innocent and ignorant of this crime as you and I. The criminal is here, in this county, close at my hand, if I choose to seize him. I have spoken with him and he confesses his guilt. After this avowal, you will drop the clue of which you speak. The whole idea is false, and it was falsely and purposely put into your mind." She added a few lines more, to say she was coming to London by the next day's mail; then she stole down softly to the hall, and placed her letter in the post-bag.

"I will not lose a day in preventing an injustice," she said. As she crossed the hall again she met Grylls. "Dinner is served, miss," said he.

His tone was quiet but uneasy. It is strange how soon the shadow of trouble spreads in a household.

Dinner! Madeline had never thought of it. Was it five o'clock already? When a great wave of trouble overwhelms us, time seems swallowed up. There is no future, no past, it is all present; and the world stands still while the woe goes over us. The trivial round of the hours upon the clock, the quiet routine of life, once so smooth and comfortable, strike us now as a wonder, or a pain; or sometimes, as in this instance, it comes in shape so incongruous, so inopportune, that the chafed spirit is moved to laughter.

Madeline looked within the stately room and glanced at the flower-decked table, and laughed to think she should be asked to sit down and eat and drink with Lord and Lady Crehylls.

"I am going away," she said to the amazed domestic. "I have not time to dine. Have you told your master and mistress their dinner is served?"

"My lady is too ill to leave her room," said Grylls, "and we have searched all through the house and grounds for my lord in vain. Oh, Miss Madeline, what is the matter?"

But he spoke to the walls, for Madeline did not turn her head as she went up the great staircase, with slow, soft footfall. Something told her she would not see Lord Crehylls again. He had been a coward all his life, he was a coward still, and as he had fled once from the place of his crime, so would he flee now from the sight and fear of the victims his guilt had made. Above all, he would flee from suffering—the ease-loving, careless man; and she felt sure he had mistrusted her promise, and had already escaped her hand. But what a punishment was his, what a home he quitted, what hearts he crushed, what bitterness he took with him into exile! Sighing, she gazed around her, on the statues, the paintings, the marble pillars, the wealth of flowers, and all the signs of luxury lavished on every side; and she wondered whether Walter Sherborne, in his prison, forsaken of all, and condemned to die, was not a happier man than Geoffrey Crehylls would be in safety in a foreign land, self-banished.

Once more in her own room, Madeline finished her packing, and dressed herself, and counted the stock of money she had, and then sat down patiently to wait for the chaise, for which she had sent on quitting Lord Crehylls. While waiting thus, it struck her she ought to write to Mr. Lanyon, and tell him something of all this, otherwise he would expect to find her at Penkivel and he would wonder she was gone without a leave-taking; so she wrote thus:

"Your daughter has commanded me to leave her house, and I obey; but I do not go in ignorance. I took my father's desk from your room; in it there is a secret drawer, unknown to you, and in this I found a history which has killed in my soul all love, all affection, all gratitude. You have cheated me of these as you have cheated me in all else. Yet I cannot in one moment forget the lessons of twelve years, and in pity to your age and your remorse I leave you my forgiveness, and I promise you my silence. The secret you have kept from your daughter you can keep still; but her husband is an exile for life. This is the sole justice I do. How much I leave undone, you alone can tell, and in your grief and your repentance—for surely you do repent—think of the greater suffering and the shame I spare you, and not of the lesser pain I inflict. Disgrace to gray hairs is terrible, and it seems unnatural, in spite of all my wrongs that I, a young girl, should strike you such a blow. It is dreadful that you have given me the right to say such words as these to you; more dreadful still that, old as you are, and young as I am, you have given me the right to despise you. Injustice, of all sins, is the one I most abhor; and what a mountain of injustice you have heaped upon me and mine! I suffer it still; I shall suffer it always, because I give you the great pity of my silence. Farewell."

She was not pleased with this letter; but there was no time to choose sharper, clearer words. She wrote it without tears, although her cheeks grew fevered and her fingers trembled. As she folded it she bethought herself some means by which it should surely reach Mr. Lanyon's hands without being seen by his daughter, and she resolved to drive round by Grace Chagwynne's and give it to her, with a strict charge to carry it to him herself.

A moment more, and the summons came for which she waited.

"The chaise you ordered is here, miss, said a servant; "but my lady desired me to say you are quite welcome to take any of the Crehylls carriages to drive to Penkivel."

"Is she so gracious?" thought Madeline, and her lip curled. "Thank you," she said quietly, "I prefer the chaise."

Then she went down the long corridor, passing Mr. Lanyon's door with one wistful glance, and looking back but once after she had hurried by.

"Won't you go into Mr. Lanyon's room and say good-bye, miss?" asked the maid in some surprise. "I have said it," replied Madeline.

Her voice was forced and strange, her heart was bounding against her side in hurried beats that took her breath away, and there was a dimness over all her sight—a dimness more dreadful and haggard than tears can bring. In this darkness she went down the great staircase, her hand touching the balustrade softly as she went; in this darkness she passed through the hall, seeing the servants as in a mist, and bending her head to them in farewell. She thought she spoke to them; but though her lips moved, no word came; and finally, in this darkness she took her last look of Castle Crehylls, gazing at it earnestly from tower to basement; then a great shadow like night fell between her and the stately granite pile, and she found herself in the carriage on her knees weeping.

* * * * *

"Who is that come?" cried Lady Crehylls, starting up in the bed at the rumble of the wheels.

"It is Miss Sylvester, gone, my lady," answered her maid, who was sitting at the open window. "I heard her tell the post-boy to take her to Grace Chagwynne's—that's quite two miles out of the road; and I am sure she won't reach Penkivel till midnight as it is. I can't see what she wants to go to Grace's for, my lady."

"What does it matter where she goes, so that she goes away for ever?" said the lady. "Oh, where is Lord Crehylls?" she cried. "Will he never, never come home? I am weary of this suspense."

CHAPTER XX.

Grace Chagwynne's cottage was as near the sea as St. Eglon's Hut. It stood on the edge of a coppice, which hid it from the high road, and sheltered it from the north and east. The garden, sloping southwards was a wilderness of flowers. The stocks and carnations, the myrtles and blue hydrangeas, were a wonder for size and beauty, while all around the little casement there clustered a wreath of roses, clematis, and honeysuckle, which seemed to be ever in bloom.

To this cottage Lord Crehylls rode at a furious gallop, and flinging himself from his horse at the gate, he slipped the bridle round the rough post, and hurried up through the garden like a man in an agony of impatience. He knocked again and again, but a blank silence met him on every side. The door in the tiny porch was closed, so were the lower windows; but above, one of the upper casements was open, and the gentle rustle of this against the leaves, as it swung to and fro in the Summer wind, was the sole sound that broke the stillness. "Michael! Michael Polgrain!" cried Lord Crehylls.

The birds twittered from out the eaves at the sound of his voice, and the bees, with angry hum, flew from out their hives and circled round and round about him with threatening buzz, then subsiding, went back to their work again, and the old stillness fell down softly upon leaf and flower.

"Grace! Grace! Grace!" shouted Lord Crehylls with all his might, his hollowed hand upon his lips to send the sounds far and wide.

Upon this, a little yellow cat sleeping in the sun came lazily and rubbed herself against his leg, the linnet hanging in the cage among the honeysuckle chirped and wondered at him, and a distant dog in some farmyard upon the hill barked lustily.

"Are they all sleeping, or dead?" cried the young man, in fevered impatience; and stooping, he gathered gravel in his hands, and scattered it at all the windows. Down it came again, rusting on the leaves, startling the frightened birds from out their nests and shaking a rain of scented blossoms softly to the ground. Then came the old silence, filled with shadows, which crept stealthily about him, lengthening in the evening sun.

Chafing at the solitude, and growing mad beneath this quiet, Lord Crehylls paced the narrow bounds of the garden, till wearied at last into patience, he sat down upon the stone seat in the porch to wait till Grace, or her brother returned. Here, with head resting on his hands, he thought and wondered till he lost all coherence in his thought and came back soon to the old question: Had he killed Mathew Carbis? had that random blow, struck in boyish anger, really been the death of that miserable villain? If so, what had grown out of this hasty deed? What a world of evil rested on his head now, what a mountain of injustice and of cruel wrong! How should he live under it? Yesterday, nay, two hours ago, there was not a happier man in all the land than he. Now he was—— Good heavens! what was he? Not a murderer! He never meant to slay the villain Carbis; and yet he was dead; and Walter Sherborne was dead likewise, and through him.

Breaking off suddenly in his thought, Lord Crehylls gazed about him with vacant eyes, seeing the bees going heavy-laden to their hives against the southern wall, seeing the great netted cherry-tree luscious with fruit, seeing the huge crimson stocks and snow-white blossoms of the gelder-rose, seeing them and deeming all a vision, and this anguish at his heart a dream. For years no cloud had marred the fair prosperity of his life: day by day no change had come to check the cheerful monotony of his good fortune; all had been as fair, as level, as bright as a green field in sunshine; and as happily common, too; no strange sorrow had broken in upon his peace, no painful romantic grief had touched him since the day that Mrs. Sherborne's lovely face had faded from his view. From that boyish time to this day his greatest excitement had been a fox-hunt, his greatest trouble some small, petty care, laughed at in a week and forgotten; and all his hours had rolled on in smooth monotony commonplace and quiet as our dearest happiness ever is. Only this morning when he rose, all was stable about him as the round world, and trouble seemed as far away as death and earthquake. No man could have felt his peace more sure, his life-long comforts more certain than were his. The sun was not more securely fixed in his place than he was, and he would have laughed at any talk of change or ruin. Now there stared him in the face the direst, deepest woe that could befall a man, and he had to choose between infamy and death or loneliness and exile.

At this thought he started up, and strained his ears on every side to catch a sound of life. Any break upon this dreadful stillness would be a relief; it was a silence so filled with dire imaginings, that he caught at the twitter of a bird or the rustle of a leaf, to carry his mind away from its agony. Once he stood before the linnet's cage, and chirruped to the little creature as a child might, his thoughts the while being with his own child, and his eyes beholding, not this bird, but a rare golden thrush, dead long ago, which he had given to his wife, then Agatha Lanyon.

On the soft Summer sea, in the evening stillness, sound travels farther than on land; and Lord Crehylls, turning from his thoughts of wife and child, started as there broke upon his ear the gentle, measured stroke of oars. Then came a short, fevered time of hope, and after this a little boat rounding the headland near, with two men rowing and a woman sitting in the stern.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured, audibly; and the weight upon his heart seemed lighter. If only when Michael came it might be lifted off and flung away, how thankful he would be! Thankful! that was not the word. There was no word in the whole sum and round of human tongues—there was no word to tell the joy of guilt removed—the rebound of the heart set free and innocent again.

A few minutes more, passing like slow fires over him, and here is Michael's gray-white face, with eyes set earnestly and sadly on his face, and not a single ray of hope over all his deathly aspect.

"Michael! Michael! is this true?" cried Lord Crehylls, springing towards him and seizing him by the arm.

Michael stood firm and silent as a rock, till Grace and her husband, with a respectful word or two, had passed on out of hearing. Then he lifted his dim eyes and said, slowly, "It is true. I am blind for it."

"True!" repeated Lord Crehylls, vaguely; "true, and you are blind for it? Michael, you were with me in the woods, and saw me hit that viper. You are witness for me that I never meant to kill him. You saw that I thought so little of the blow—the just blow—I struck, that I walked on heedless and never even looked back upon the fallen reptile."

"I saw it," said Michael, in the same dull, slow way. "And I saw Walter Sherborne dying in prison for that blow. I have seen no sunlight since my eyes fell on his dead face. Mine has looked dead since then. I killed him—I know it. I killed him for your sake. When he was tried for his life I stood by and uttered not a word."

The patient pain in Michael's voice, the long, slow agony of remorse, that had made his face a wonder, spake to Lord Crehylls in stronger words then language, and as he listened and looked, the terrible belief in his own guilt fell down upon his soul in a horror of darkness.

"Oh, Michael, you should have spoken!" he cried, gasping for breath. "You should have told the truth. The man's death was an accident, an inadvertent blow; it is your silence has made it murder."

In sight of Michael's suffering this speech seemed cruel, and the ghastly whiteness of his face, so true in its ignorant love, shone upon his foster brother in silent reproach.

"When I came back and found her gone," he said, in a low abashed tone, "I guessed she had agreed to meet you in some foreign land, and I would not disgrace you before all the world—I would not turn Miss Lanyon's heart against you, and make her father your enemy."

"Found her gone!" repeated Lord Crehylls, catching in agony at Michael's outstretched hands. "Do you mean Mrs. Sherborne? Michael, I swear to you, as I hope for pardon, I know no more of that unhappy lady than you do. Did you think I would wrong her—I, who struck down her husband's vile companion for the foul things he said of that poor victim of their mutual cruelty? You remember his odious slanders—you remember his insolent words before I turned at last, and struck him with my gun? I had provocation enough for that wild blow—I, a rash, hot-tempered boy. Answer; had I not provocation?"

"I thought so then," replied Michael; "but, looking back now upon that time, I don't think the woman worth it. See, what is come of her false ways and her wicked wiles!"

The blood came up in Lord Crehyll's face and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"Say no more of her, Michael," he cried, hoarsely. "I cannot bear it. I have been happy with my wife; my life has been peaceful, easy, and tranquil; but I have never been able to tear that woman from my heart."

Michael looked up at him with dim eyes, but made no answer, and for a moment silence fell down between them. Then Lord Crehylls beat at the gillyflowers and stocks with his riding whip, saying hurriedly, "I am a fool to make such a confession, but you are the only man in the world, Michael, to whom I would say as much. I believe there are memories which cling to us to the last. My love for Madeline Sherborne has colored my whole life, and ruined it. She was a woman whom it was fatal to a man to meet. Michael are you safe here?" he asked, changing the theme abruptly. "Do you forget that you are an escaped prisoner?"

"I am safe enough," said Michael, with a glance towards the sea. "My boat is on the sands, and the "Penkivel" will be here at midnight."

"Here!" repeated his friend. "I thought the preventive men assailed your craft to-night, Michael?"

A smile illumined Michael's pale face for an instant.

"It was a plot of ours," said he, "to get the coast-guard fellows out of the way. There is a heavy cargo on board the "Penkivel," which we want to land safely; so we have put them on a false scent. They'll go to our cove to capture her, while she'll be in another, fourteen miles away. They will only find an old smack of ours in that little bay, with nothing contraband on board her except a string of French onions, which I suppose they'll hardly trouble themselves about."

"And the attack on the coast-guard station, Michael, to rescue you," said Lord Crehylls.

"It won't take place to-night, I reckon," answered Michael. "That was a stram, (story) made up just to force 'em to bring me down to Crehylls. Old Uncle Jack is a 'cute hand at lies."

Lord Crehylls had listened, and yet scarcely heard; and looking up with a sudden paleness on his face, he said, sadly, "What is to be done, Michael?"

His foster-brother understood his question too well.

"You must leave England," he answered. "What has his daughter said to you?"

Lord Crehylls told him the choice which Madeline had set before him.

"I feared this," said Michael, speaking rapidly. "I feared it from the first moment I saw her face; she is resolute and hard as iron. Before to-morrow comes she will repent that she let you escape; she will go to a magistrate before the clock strikes eight. You must leave to-night."

"And for ever!" asked Lord Crehylls, as the color forsook his very lips. "Must I leave my home forever because of a rash blow?"

"It was a terrible blow," said Michael; "it made a ghastly cut upon his temple, so they told me."

"Did you see him, Michael?" asked the other in a whisper.

"No," answered Michael, abruptly; "I was blind enough. That sight would have taken my eyes away."

Lord Crehylls seized his hand, wringing it tightly.

"See here, Michael," he cried, pitifully, "I never killed the man—I could not have done it; meaning it, you know."

"He was found there, where we saw him fall," returned Michael sturdily; "and the gash was on his temple. He is dead, and Mr. Sherborne is dead, and you and I—meaning their deaths or no—are guilty of the blood of those two men. There—that, to my thinking, is the truth of the matter. And you must bear it, as I have borne it. I kept it from you as long as I could."

The contrast between the two men told who had suffered through these long years of silence, and Lord Crehylls, glancing back on his easy, careless life, shuddered as he looked on his foster-brother's dead white face. His long low martyrdom, his great love, and all the agony which the conscience stricken man had borne in such dumb patience, became visible at last to the eyes of Lord Crehylls as he gazed upon him. And now he wondered that his eyes had been so long holden that he could not see, he wondered that his heart had been so hard that he had not cared to know. Shrinking through all these long years from the mention of the Sherborne name, he had never asked or ascertained the exact period of that terrible Sherborne tragedy. A three years' absence will make local news faint and uncertain, and the peasant mind is apt to be very vague in the matter of dates, and it was only of his peasantry Lord Crehylls had demanded information. He never asked a question of Mr. Lanyon, he never spoke of the past to him. There had been great bitterness between them in the old days, when his boy heart was sore with its mad love; and of late years knowing what Mr. Lanyon knew, it was not possible that he would touch on a subject which shook him to the very soul.

"You have suffered horribly for my sake Michael," said Lord Crehylls, in a despairing tone. He could not say again it was a mistake to be silent—a blind, wrong headed loving mistake. The man's face was such a quiet, deathly protest against reproaches, that he held his peace in pity.

"It is I who have been blind, Michael, not you," he continued. "But of what use is all this talk? I am wasting time. I must decide on something while I have sense to think. My brain is growing confused. I scarcely know what I am saying."

"You must escape," replied Michael, resolutely. "Will you stay to let Madeline Sherborne ruin you for revenge? Will you help her to slay your father-in-law and your wife?"

"Mr. Lanyon!" returned Lord Crehylls, shutting his hand upon his forehead; "there was something I wished to say of him—what was it? All this misery lies on his head; he is more to blame than I. He persecuted the Sherbornes from the first; he hated them always. It was a cruel thing to hunt Walter Sherborne to death to save a rich son-in-law. I don't thank him." Cutting at the flowers again, he laughed, and struck his hand heavily on the gate. "Let me pass, Michael," said he. "Standing still like this drives me mad."

He went into the coppice between the cottage and the road, and his foster-brother followed him, and laid his hand upon his arm.

"See here, my lord," he said, quietly, "I am the one most in fault; don't blame Mr. Lanyon more than me. I should have spoken, you say, I should have witnessed against you. I could not trample on my own heart like that. I held my peace, and I should do it again if the time came again. You don't think those who have saved you, so you say; but as for thanks, I looked for none. And for twelve years I never broke bread in your house, or crossed your threshold, lest if this ever came to be known, people should say you knew it too, and paid me blood money. As for Mr. Lanyon, I never spoke one word to him till the man was condemned, then I woke up as from a dream. Knowing him innocent, how could it come into my poor ignorant mind that judge and jury would sentence him to die? I looked for his acquittal day by day, and when Grace told me what the verdict was, I felt my heart melt away in my body. Then I walked through the night to Penkivel. Mr. Lanyon was there, and I told him all;—how Mathew Carbis had met you and me in the wood of Crehylls, and attacked us with foul words, which you bore with patience, till he uttered Mrs. Sherborne's name in a vile way; then you struck him down and passed on, never looking back to see where the reptile had fallen. I told him how I ran back a step or so, and saw him lying by the brook side, very white, with a gash upon his temple; but never thinking the blow had killed him, I followed you when you called, not caring to stay and help a coward. Mr. Lanyon listened to me like a man with his mind gone. At first he would not believe a word; then he said Sherborne's life was not worth yours, and I must be silent still. He would go to the sheriff and get the man reprieved. I was to fear nothing,—he should be saved. He would go to Bodmin the next morning—this was Sunday. I had walked to Penkivel the Saturday night. With this promise I went away, and, borrowing a horse, I rode straight to the prison, and got there on Sunday afternoon. I found Mr. Sherborne dying—I saw him die. When I rode up to the jail it was broad sunshine; when I came away, all things were gray and dim, and I knew I should never see the sun again while grass grew and rain fell. Riding on in my blindness, with tears upon my face like a woman, I got back to Penkivel at midnight. I did not know it was night—my eyes were new then to darkness; and I told Mr. Lanyon that he and I had killed Walter Sherborne. He was a hale man when I brought him that news, but all his blood has shrivelled up at his heart since then. I needn't tell the rest; you can guess it all, surely. He put it to me thus: 'The man is dead,' said he; 'of what use is it to speak now? And Geoffrey Crehylls is like a son to me. He is but a boy, and he struck this foolish blow like a boy. Shall we ruin his whole life lor the sake of this dead man? Shall I kill my daughter—my only child—to clear the name of a ruined gambler? Let all this die away in his grave, Michael, and we two will hold our peace. As for his child, I will be a better father to her than this poor, ruined, reckless spendthrift could ever be.' I listened to his words, though I knew this day would come. I've known it all along, when I've seen you careless and happy; we can't hold back the bolt for ever—it falls at last! There, I've done! I've told you all the story now, except the things best put to yourself in your own mind! The long fear and sorrow of all these years won't shape themselves upon a man's tongue readily. Speech as it seems to me, wasn't made to tell our woe! but to hide it."

Michael ceased suddenly, his dull eyes bent upon the ground, and one hand clasping a young sapling with a nervous force that shook it like a reed. In his great love he had never once looked upon his foster-brother as he spoke, lest a look should be a reproach; and his voice had kept throughout a tone so humble and quiet, that not a single green leaf above his head had quivered at the sound.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOPE FOR BETTER DAYS AGAIN.

Though to-day be gloomy seeming,
  And obscured the sun's bright ray,
Soon his lustre will be beaming,
  All the clouds will pass away.
So, however sad your lot be,
  Pressing hard on heart and brain,
You may yet a brighter change see:
  Hope for better days again.

Sit not down the whole day grieving;
  Life is worth a struggle still;
Never cease to be believing;
  Much we can do, if we will.
So, however sad your lot be,
  Pressing hard on heart and brain,
You may yet a brighter change see:
  Hope for better days again.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Queer Roman Dish.—The Roman peasants found the flesh of the ass palatable, and the celebrated Mæcenas, having tasted it, introduced it to the tables of the great and rich, but the fashion of eating it lasted no longer than his life. Galen compares the flesh of the ass to that of the stag. It is said to be eaten plentifully in the cheap restaurants of Paris, under the denomination of veal.

A Legal Bull.—In May, 1784, a bill intended to limit the privilege of franking was sent from Ireland to England for the Royal approbation. In it was a clause enacting that any member who from illness or other cause should be unable to write might authorize some other person to frank for him, "provided that on the back of the letter so franked the member doth at the same time give *under his hand* a full certificate of his inability to write."

A London Advertisement.—A few years ago the following actually appeared in one of the English papers: "Wanted, for a family who have bad health, a sober, steady person, in the capacity of doctor, surgeon, apothecary and man midwife. He must occasionally act as butler, and dress hair and wigs. He will be required sometimes to read prayers and preach a sermon every Sunday. A good salary will be given."

Cat Fur.—The common cat is largely fed on fish and bred for its fur, in Holland, where the finest skins are obtained. Large quantities are also collected in Holstein, Bavaria and Switzerland. In France about 30,000 cat-skins are furnished annually to commerce. This fur is greatly valued, while the supply of good skins is far short of the demand. The black, spotted and striped varieties are all much in request, for making into wrappers for open carriages, sleigh robes and for railway traveling.

Woman in the Past.—The influence of women in the East, in the remote past, must have been greater than is generally supposed. It was formerly common in the ancient world to name children after the mother rather than after the father, and this custom prevails in certain portions of the East at the present day. This usage is extant in Lycia, Caria, Etruria, Persia, India, Ceylon, and other places in Asia.

Maternal Affection.—All brutes, even the most savage, are attached to their young. At a recent exhibition of animals, there was shown a lioness and panther with their cubs. It was curious to notice, in both animals, that peculiar pride in showing their offspring which the domestic cat manifests in the most unmistakable manner. It seemed also as if these old animals regarded sudden raps on the bars of the cage, or the introduction of canes to induce their progeny to take better attitudes of sketching purposes, in the light of grateful attentions, as, no matter how much the young ones spit and scratched, the mothers never showed the slightest resentment, but quietly crouched and stared at the interloper in abstract calmness.

Origin of Cards.—The origin of cards is wrapt in obscurity. Neither the Bible nor classical writers have any allusion, reprimand or account of cards and card playing; casting lots and dice seem to have been the only gambling methods known to Greek, Jew and Roman sports. Some claim that the Chinese and the Hindoos were the inventors of cards. Certain it is that cards and card playing are of great antiquity among these people, but their cards and games bear little or no resemblance to the cards of civilized people. The better opinion is that they were brought into Spain by the Moors, and thence carried to France, Italy and England.

Chewing Gum.—Among the quiet little manufactures of the country is that of chewing gum. The few factories are in New England, New York State, Ohio, Illinois and Tennessee. The gum is sold by druggists, grocers, and confectioners in cities, and any country grocery that hasn't it is considered incomplete. Gum from the spruce tree, was exclusively used until recently, when it found a rival in gum mastic, an attractive article, made from paraffine, which is sweetened. The consumption of this chewing gum in the United States is about thirty tons yearly; that of spruce gum somewhat less, and that of a gum made in Tennessee from balsam tulu, and sold in the Southern States, about twenty tons.

The French Laundress.—French laundresses have an awkward trick of putting on the fine linen of their lady customers to deck themselves withal on festive occasions; and this they do especially at the yearly festival of washerwomen. On that day the laundresses of each washhouse elect a queen—generally the prettiest girl who washes or irons in the quarter; she in turn nominates a King, some fascinating young man who drives a laundry cart, and the pair being tricked out in their best, are driven about all day in a carriage and pair, followed by a gallant procession of other washerwomen and washermen in vans, carts and gigs of every description. In the evening there is a grand dinner.

Glove Language.—The following signs are used in flirtations among the youthful in England: Drop a glove—yes; crumple a glove in the right hand—no; half unglove the left hand—indifference; tap the left shoulder with the glove—follow me; tap the chin with the gloves—I love you no longer; turn the gloves inside-out—I hate you; fold the gloves neatly—I should like to be with you; pat on the left glove, leaving the thumb uncovered—do you love me; drop both gloves—I love you; twirl the gloves around the fingers—be careful, we are watched; slap the back of the hand with the gloves—I am vexed; take a glove in each hand and separate the hands—I am furious.

Russian Proverbs.—The wolf asked the goat to dinner, but the goat declined. A fox sleeps, but courts hens in his dreams. The wolf changes his hair every year, but remains a wolf. Love, fire and a cough cannot be hid. Make friends with a bear, but keep hold of the axe. Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth. Bread and salt humble a robber. A full stomach is deaf to instruction. If you hunt two hares, you will catch neither. Praise not the crop until it is stacked. It is not necessary to plough and sow fools; they grow of themselves. Truth is not drowned in water, nor burned in fire. A fool may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out. Whose bread and whose salt I eat, his praise I sing. Lies march on rotten legs; who lies will steal.

◆

The Brook and the Vine.—The vine said to the brook, "Flow this way, and nourish me with your waters." But the brook answered, "If I should flow that way, the day in which I did it would be your ruin; be content, and I will sing to you, and my messengers, the sunbeams, shall bring you waters in their way my waters will then be useful to you, and instead of destroying your life I shall render it useful to the world." The vine listened and obeyed, and grew in beauty every day, until in all that country there was no other vine so beautiful,

S. A. M.

◆

If you can get into children a love of credit, and an appreciation of shame and disgrace, you have put into them the true principle, which will constantly work and incline them to the right.

◆

In a certain street there are three tailors. The first to set up shop hung out this sign: "Here is the best tailor in this town." The next put up: "Here is the best tailor in the world." The third simply had this: "Here is the best tailor in this street."

◆

When the barber's keen, cold razor is being wafted around one's throat, and the germ of a sneeze begins creeping up his nose, he cares naught for the fate of nations, and the greenback idea, nor anything else, only to get the barber as far away as possible.

◆

A greenhorn who officiated as the parish clerk in a country town, lately undertook to "give out a hymn," in which the word "doxology" occurred, but as he couldn't exactly get the hang of the hard word, he suggested the propriety of singing "four verses for a sockdologer."

◆

Spelling matches are very demoralizing. Jones has been to one the night before. His wife is awakened during the early morning by some noise below stairs. "John, John! burglars!" she called, shaking him. "Burglars; b-u-r-g-l-a-r-s—burglars," said he, and rolled asleep again.

◆

A schoolgirl of tender years thus writes to a bosom friend:—"Dear Susa—I shan't attend school again until I Get some new cuffs, collars and Jewelry—dear Mama agrees with me that it is my Dooty to take the shine out of that Upstart Mary Jones, and I'll do it if I never learn nothing.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME.

Green were the meadows with last summer's store;
The maples rustled with a wreath of leaves,
The brook went bubbling to the pebbly shore,
Down by the old mill, with its cobwebbed door,
And swallow haunted eves;
And all the air warm and calm and clear,
As if cold winter never could come near.

Now, the wide meadow-lands where they've strolled
Are misty with a waste of whirling snow;
The ruined maples, stripped of autumn's gold,
Sigh mournfully and shiver in the cold,
As the hoarse north winds blow.
Yet something makes this frosty season dear,
The merry, merry Christmas time is here.

The merry Christmas, with its generous boards,
Its fire-lit hearths, and gifts, and blazing trees,
Its pleasant voices uttering gentle words,
Its genial mirth, attuned to sweet accords,
Its holy memories!
The fairest season of the passing year,
The merry, merry Christmas time is here.

The sumacs by the brook have lost their red;
The mill-wheel in the ice stands dumb and still;
The leaves have fallen and the birds have fled;
The flowers we loved in summer, all are dead,
And wintry winds blow still.
Yet something makes this dreariness less drear,—
The merry, merry Christmas time is here.

Since last the panes were hoar with Christmas frost,
Unto our lives some changes have been given;
Some of our barks have labored, tempest-tossed,
Some of us, too, have loved, and some have lost,
Some found their rest in heaven.
So humanity, we mingle smile and tear,
When merry Christmas time is drawing near.

Then pile the fagots higher on the hearth,
And fill the cup of joy, though eyes be dim,
We hail the day that gave our Saviour birth,
And pray his spirit may descend on earth,
That we may follow him.
'Tis this that makes the Christmas time so dear,
Christ, in his love for us, seems drawing near.

When the Year was Young.

BY G. C. F.

"Oh! Cissy, have you heard the news? The old Grange has been bought by some one: an old horror from Canada, I believe, and he's coming to live here. Suppose the old wretch won't let us skate any more!"

"Yes, I heard that it had been bought, but, May, aren't you awfully uncharitable, or, to say the least of it, jumping to a conclusion, in calling him 'an old horror?' Why you silly child, he may be young, handsome prone to dissipation—I mean dancing, and garden parties, &c. Give him the benefit of uncertainty, and, at least, imagine the best till you see the worst."

"Very charitable, my dear Cissy, but, alas, for your philanthropy, has he not, according to report, made his fortune by the buying and selling of hides, salt-fish, seal oil, and other, to say the least of them, odoriferous commodities? Fortunes are not made in a day, you know, and is it not more than probable that the new owner of the Grange may have grown old and crabbed in climbing the ladder of Fortune? which, by the way, must have been rather a greasy one in his case."

The foregoing conversation was carried on between two young ladies who formed a portion of a party of half-a-dozen which set out from Lyneford Hall, one bright frosty morning a few years ago, for a day's skating on the lake in the "Grange" grounds.

The old Grange had been the family seat of the Morays for generations, but misfortunes, some called them faults, had brought down the last of the old name to his grave, laden with debt; his near and dear ones had gone before him, and when he died, the estate was seized by his creditors and put into the market.

For some years no purchaser appeared, and the old house and grounds fell into a neglected state. As we said before, in the latter there was a fine lake on which many of the young ladies and gentlemen in the neighborhood amused themselves by skating when the frost was hard enough, securing admission to the grounds by meaus of a judicious half-crown now and then presented to the lodge-keeper.

On this particular morning, a few days before Christmas, the party who arrived, skates in hand, at the shore of the lake, consisted of Marian and Narcissa Lyneford, daughters of Squire Lyneford of the Hall, their brother Alfred, and three friends from London, of whom Fred Marsden, the enamoured *cavalier servente* of the fair Cissy, was one.

While they were in the midst of the sport Marian skated up to Cissy and Fred, and said:—

"Mr. Marsden, do you know who that tall gentleman in the fur cap and coat is?"

"No, Miss Lyneford, I do not," replied Marsden.

"Perhaps it's the new owner of the Grange and he's going to tell us to go," said Cissy, with a laugh.

"What nonsense! Why he can't be more than thirty, and he's *so* handsome! I passed quite close to him; he has most magnificent eyes, and such a lovely moustache! I thought he might have been a London friend of Mr. Marsden's," returned Marian.

Just at this moment the stranger in question flew past the sisters, and was saluted with an unmistakable glance of admiration from two pairs of very bright eyes.

"Yes, he *is* handsome! and how beautifully he skates! I wonder if he learnt in Canada!" exclaimed Cissy.

Striking across the lake Marian made for the opposite end, and, getting up "full steam," was about to make a graceful curve round a small islet, when, tripping over a little stick which she did not notice, she executed a most unqualified and undignified fall. Unhurt, but somewhat severely shaken she was making an effort to regain her feet, when a manly yet musical voice said, close behind her:

"I sincerly trust you have not hurt yourself! Will you allow me to help you to your feet!"

Marian turned her head, and saw the handsome eyes of the stranger looking at her with so much expression in them, that involuntarily she blushed as she took his proffered hand, and regaining her feet, said:

"Thank you so much, sir! I am not hurt at all, although certainly the sudden stoppage did shake me considerably. How ridiculous I must have looked!" she continued, laughing at her mishap.

"Impossible!" said the stranger, half unconsciously, as his eyes again sought Marian's beautiful face.

"I think most people look absurd when they measure their length on the ice. I fear that 'impossible' of yours was owing more to your politeness than your veracity," said she with a bright smile, wondering when this conversation was going to end.

"What an accusation!" laughed the stranger. "But," he continued. more seriously, "pardon what I fear you will think rudeness, when I say that though we have not yet passed through that ceremony so indispensable—an introduction—I should be sorry indeed if this conversation should prove our last. In the absence of a mutual acquaintance, will you think me very unceremonious if I take that office on myself, and ask for the undeserved honor of your friendship?"

Marian, rather taken aback by this unexpected speech, was silent for a moment, then coming to the conclusion that the stranger was, at any rate, a gentleman, she held out her hand with the frankness of true good-breeding, and said, with a smile:

"The proceeding is not perhaps strictly according to rote, but I could not refuse a request so delicately urged. My name is——"

"Miss Marian Lyneford—and mine is Charles Edwards," said he, interrupting her as he took her hand, and pressed it rather warmly perhaps for a new acquaintance.

"How is it you come to know my name so soon? I thought you were a stranger in the neighborhood?" asked Marian, smiling her astonishment.

"Well, if you will know, I must plead guilty to having asked the lodge-keeper who the young lady was who skated so gracefully. Will you forgive me?" was the reply.

"For asking, yes; for the unmerited compliment, no." returned Marian.

"*Peccavi,*" said Edwards, with a laugh. "But will you not take cold standing still?" he continued. "May I have the pleasure of a turn round the lake with you? I will keep a sharp lookout for sticks, &c."

Marian consented, and soon they were skimming over the smooth ice together, laughing and chatting as though they had been introduced months before in the most proper manner imaginable.

When they moderated their speed to take breath, Edwards said:

"This is a very pretty place. Can you tell me to whom it belongs?"

"He comes from Canada, I believe.

"He comes from Canada, does he? Then I suppose he is some old horror, who has made a fortune by the buying and selling of hides, salt-fish, seal-oil, and other, to say the least of them, odoriferous commodities?" said Edwards, with a covert smile.

On hearing her own verdict thus faithfully reproduced, Marion turned to her companion in some astonishment, and said,

"Is that supposition quite original, Mr. Edwards?"

He laughed, and said:

"No, it is not original; but I overheard it this morning from lips so sweet that they could hardly err."

Marian's only reply was a blush so bewitching that she soon was conscious of the admiring gaze, which had once before so nearly disconcerted her, being fixed on her face again, and so to hide her decided confusion she quickened her pace.

Soon after they came up with the other couples, and great was the surprise of the fair Cissy when her sister introduced to her and the party at large the handsome stranger who had been the subject of their joint admiration, slightly exaggerating his service to her after her fall, perhaps by way of an excuse for their somewhat strange acquaintanceship.

When the skates had been duly removed, the party set out for home, and Edwards, who was staying in the "Lyneford Arms," accompanied them, and by his easy manners and racy conversation soon rendered himself a favorite with all.

At the Hall gates he left them, promising to join them at the lake the following morning.

About three o'clock that afternoon, as Marian and her sister were sitting in the breakfast-room discussing their new acquaintance, and laughing over the singular introduction on the lake, a servant brought in a small card and presented it to Marian. Great was her surprise when she found that the name engraved upon it was

Charles E. Moray,
The Grange, Lyneford.

She had hardly time to recover herself before the door opened again, and her friend of the morning entered, looking slightly impudent and handsomer than ever.

"Good afternon, Mr. Edwards, and welcome to Lyneford," said Cissy, with an exaggerated curtsey, while Marian strove to play the hostess with becoming dignity.

He had called, however, merely to invite all the party to a house-warming at the Grange, on New Year's Eve, and soon after took his departure.

New Year's Eve had come, and the Grange was a blaze of light from the roof to the basement. Carriage after carriage drew up before the ivy-covered porch, and the inhabitants of each were warmly welcomed by their host, who looked superb in his becoming evening-dress, but none were received with the *empressement* that greeted the party from the Hall, and Marian could not help fancying, as he clasped her hand in welcome and looked down so eagerly into her eyes, that she read something in his expression and manner that made her heart beat in a way she had never remembered it to beat before, save perhaps when she saw him bending over her on the lake.

The golden hours, laden with mirth and happiness, flew quickly, too quickly away. The ten o'clock supper was over, and Marian, leaning on Charles Moray's arm, was making a tour of the rooms.

"Excuse my rudeness, Mr. Moray, but I thought the last of your name died here—may I ask if you are of the same family?" said she, as they stopped before a portrait of the late owner of the Grange.

"Certainly. The late Mr. Moray was my great-uncle. My father died when I was young, and my uncle emigrated to Canada, taking me, when quite a boy, with him. He prospered, and left me a snug little fortune, which I increased to a large one by the 'buying and selling of——' "

"Now, Mr. Moray, that is not kind. Am I never to be forgiven for that silly speech. I shall go straight back to papa if you dare allude to it again!" said Marian, with rising color.

"I am very wicked, please forgive, and don't go. See, what do you think of this picture-gallery?" was the reply.

"Beautiful! How nice you have made the old Grange. It used to look so bare, and now it is replete with everything delightful!" exclaimed Marian, in reply.

"Not everything," said Moray, as he bent his head towards her. "It wants that one thing needful yet—a beautiful mistress!"

His tone meant more than his words, and Marian's heart beat fast, though her lips said nothing.

At this moment the deep tone of a bell sounded through the house. It was the first stroke of twelve. Moray picked up a soft fur rug that was lying on a chair close by, and wrapping it quickly round Marian, opened a large French window, and said:

"Come! What a lovely night it is!"

She stepped out on to the balcony beside him, and saw the full, winter moon riding high in the cloudless vault of ether, and the countless stars, each sending a pale ray to light up the snow-clad earth beneath them.

"How beautiful!" said she.

"Yes; a fair beginning for the new year!" said he, in a low voice, then, taking the little hand that protruded from beneath the furs, he continued, in low, passionate tones: "Ah! Marian, how happy I should be if you would make the young year now dawning into life the most blessed of my hitherto lonely existence. Darling, you know I love you—my first and last love. Tell me, sweetest, may I hope?"

Her answer was too low to be audible; but when the snow melted from the earth, and the sun of spring-time called nature back to life and beauty, Charles Edwards Moray led his beautiful bride to the altar of Lyneford church, and the old Grange received that one thing needful to the comfort and happiness of every home.

A woman's rights journal declaims against the custom of giving a bride away at a marriage ceremony, declaring that it is a relic of the old opinion that daughters were slaves of a father, and could be given or sold to any suitor who pleased him. Women in England did not acquire the right of choosing husbands for themselves until the tenth century, and, in other European countries, much later. "No woman," says the journal in question, "of proper self-respect, will submit to be given away."

Perhaps the best form of government in which the whole community could join, is that in which everyone learns how to govern himself, before he commences showing his authority over other people.

KATE.

BY CECIL GRIFFITH.

"What is it to me whether Mrs. Maitland is asked or not?"

Kate Alderleigh stood before the glass in her own room, passionately repeating the words with which she had just made good her retreat from her mother and sisters in the drawing-room down stairs.

"What in the world does it matter to me whether she goes with us or stays away?"

She had demanded this with great asperity of Lucy, who, when Mrs. Alderleigh proposed that Mrs. Maitland should be invited to join a little pic-nic party they were getting up for the morrow, had half densely, half good-naturedly replied, "That won't do, mamma. Kate would rather not have her."

It is very difficult to help some people, and in some things it is almost impossible to let oneself be helped. So Kate felt herself in a manner obliged to protest against Lucy's interference on her behalf.

"Ask her by all means. What on earth can it matter to me?" she said, silencing by a flash of her eyes the amazed rejoinder that hung on Lucy's lips, "Why, because of Gerard Dennis, to be sure."

Kate cut short the answer, but not before she had divined what it would be, with a keen pang of mortification at this discovery of her secret, which had hardly been known to herself until she saw that another,—and that other, poor, dear, good-natured, but dull Lucy,—had read and interpreted it already; still she made a tolerably successful retreat, declaring that she would go and write a note of invitation to Mrs. Maitland at once. But when she had reached her own domain, and shut the door behind her, instead of sitting down to write, she stood still in the middle of the room, tasting again the mortification which the recent discussion had brought her, and exclaiming in a sort of defiance of herself and Lucy and all of them, "Ask Mrs. Maitland? Ask her by all means. What can it matter to me?"

But she was standing before the glass, and as she saw the tell-tale color rise in her cheeks, she felt that it made the very same retort as that which she had read in Lucy's eyes, "Because of Gerard Dennis."

Kate sat down by the dressing-table and looked at herself a little sadly, but not without some appreciation of her own good looks, her soft dark hair, her deep-fringed gray eyes, and pale cheeks, with the delicate flush upon them.

"You are rather a pretty little fool, though a little fool you are," she continued. "Mr. Dennis does not think you plain by any means, though he prefers Mrs. Maitland's light curls and her lovely blue eyes—lovely they are, certainly! I wonder how long her husband has been dead? Ages, I suppose. Well, I must write this note. To think that Lucy should have said, before them all, that I didn't want her! And, in another minute she would have said it was because of him."

Dictated by this mortifying recollection, Kate's note to Mrs. Maitland was conceived in such pressing and even affectionate terms, that whilst the writer thus obtained the satisfaction of proving, as she hoped at least, that she was in no way jealous of the pretty young widow, the loving epistle brought its natural but less desirable consequence in an immediate and cordial acceptance of the invitation.

The next day was lovely, and in getting everything ready, and the packing of the provisions—a troublesome business that generally fell to her share—Kate forgot for awhile her little trouble about Gerard. Every one else, she knew, would call it only a little trouble, but in her actual experience of it found it a great one.

The hour for the start arrived, and whether by chance or design she saw, with an odd feeling at her heart, that Gerard and the lovely widow were constantly in conversation.

"He may be quite sure that if he likes talking to Mrs. Maitland, I shall not interrupt him," she afterwards said to herself, as she watched the two sitting side by side in the wagonette.

But the conversation was not wholly confined to those two; Mr. Dennis could talk to several at a time, and liked to use his talent and see that people were amused by it, and admired him for it. And in this sort of conversational display, Mrs. Maitland helped him admirably.

Kate listened and smiled, and could not help being amused, and every now and then put in her word; but she could not help feeling that she was out in the cold, especially as Mary and Mr. Mowatt, a young curate from a neighboring parish, carried in a little duet apart whenever they were not called upon to chime in, which they always did in concert, with the principal conversation.

Mrs. Alderleigh and Lucy, with Mr. and Miss Carr, an elderly brother and young sister, were in another carriage behind, and Kate would willingly have changed places with one of them—she could not get rid of the fear that Gerard Dennis might fancy she wanted him to talk to her, and was mortified because he did not—but there was no opportunity for such an exchange.

So Kate sat, with a little dog in her lap, not conspicuously silent, but yet with a discouraging consciousness that no one cared to talk to her in particular. So she was glad when the drive came to an end.

They dined in a deep green dell in the wood, at the bottom of which lay a large, dark pool. The sun sent slanting rays through the long aisles of the wood across the water, on which a solitary swan floated, white as snow.

"How lovely it all is; I never enjoyed anything so much!" cried Mrs. Maitland. She was sitting by the water with her hat off, and the sun was shining on her golden chairs.

"It is the finest day of the year," said Gerard, lying on the grass beside her. "Miss Kate, what are you doing?"

"Miss Carr and I are going to wash the plates and dishes," she said.

"Bother the plates and dishes!" he exclaimed. "Can't they wait for a bit?"

"No, indeed," said Kate; "they have got to be packed, and my mother says we must start before long."

"At any rate, you know, I must come and help," said Gerard.

"Let us all come and help!" cried Mrs. Maitland, springing up.

Mrs. Maitland and Gerard washed the dishes, and Miss Carr and Kate brought them down to the water. The division of labor was not of Kate's devising. Perhaps nobody devised it and it fell out quite naturally, but she did not feel quite sure of it.

"By the way, I have something to tell you," said Gerard, as Kate stood on the bank, waiting to receive the last batch of places, and carry them back to be packed in the basket. She was not so near to Gerard as Mrs. Maitland was, and he did not seem to be speaking to her. "I'm going away," he said, "I'm going abroad. A friend of mine, who had property in Demerara, is just dead; and his widow, poor thing, who is over in England, has applied to me to know if I would go out and see what can be made of the property for her."

"And you're going?" said Mrs. Maitland. "And to that dreadful, unhealthy place?"

"Oh I'm pretty tough," he replied. "Miss Alderleigh here, you see, is under no anxiety on my behalf. Here's the crockery, Miss Alderleigh; catch hold."

Kate took the plates silently, and carried them to the basket, and handed them to Miss Carr to pack them in. Miss Carr asked her to count the knives and forks, and she counted and told the numbers, but without any idea what she was doing. The news she had just heard was a shock, and still more a shock because it had not been told to her, but to Mrs. Maitland. It had been told to Mrs. Maitland as something that would interest her; and in the course of telling it, Mr. Dennis had laughingly referred to Kate as a person who would not be interested in it at all.

They soon afterwards started, and when they reached home everybody came in and had tea except Mrs. Maitland, who had left word at her own house that she would be home early, and Mr. Dennis, who offered to escort her. Mrs. Alderleigh asked him to come back again, but he said he had packing to do. He shook hands all round and good-night to Kate as to the rest.

"You don't seem well, my dear," said Mrs. Alderleigh to Kate, before the evening was half over.

"I have lost my little tie for my throat," she answered, "and have caught cold."

"I am come to thank you for my pleasant day yesterday," said Mrs. Maitland the next afternoon, coming into the drawing-room where Kate was sitting alone.

The others had gone out, but Kate made her cold an excuse to stay in. She would not have had them suspect it for the world, but she could not divest herself of the hope that Gerard would call to say good-bye.

"It was such a pleasant day!" said Mrs. Maitland, as she kissed Kate, I never enjoyed myself more. But you exerted yourself too much, I am afraid; you look so tired, I don't think you are very strong, are you?"

"Oh, dear me, yes," replied Kate; "but you know the walk was very long and fatigeing."

"It certainly was long," said Mrs. Maitland, "and I should have found it fatigueing too, if Mr. Dennis had not given his arm. Look here, I have brought something to show you, for I know you are rather an admirer of his. Look, what a fairy gift I have had this afternoon! There isn't its like!"

Putting out her hand, Kate received in it a photograph of Gerard Dennis—a very good likeness, that seemed to look at her with the good-natured and yet half-mocking smile she knew so well.

"I have two," said Maitland; "but that one is the best. I am to make my choice, and send the other to him, in London."

"In London!" said Kate. "Why not here?"

"Because he isn't here," replied Mrs. Maitland; "he is gone, poor fellow. He went this morning by the twelve o'clock train. I can't bear to think of it."

Again she was shocked. Gone, without so much as the civility of a farewell, leaving adieux and photographs with her rival! Yet she was indignant to a degree that gave her strength enough to preserve her ordinary bearing.

"It is the best likeness I have seen of him," she said, quietly, as she handed back the photograph. "He takes very well. Poor fellow! I am sorry he is gone to Demerara of all places—he is too good to die of yellow fever."

"I can't bear to think of the possibility, much less to talk of it," said Mrs. Maitland; "we have been such friends."

At that minute, happily for Kate, the others came in, and under cover of their entrance she effected her retreat.

Poor Kate! It was hard of him to go away like this; it was even pointedly rude. He need not have been lacking in common civility in order to disabuse her mind of the idea that his many attentions, and pretty little fond speeches, had meant anything.

It was true that by going to Demerara he was parted from Mrs. Maitland as well as from herself, but there was no doubt he would write, and this proof of his regard would give sweetness to the thought of his return.

Kate felt his separation from her to be more than the distance of miles—of land and sea; it was indifference—wider separation than even hate causes—that parted them and when he came back, if he came back to that neighborhood at all, which, as Mrs. Maitland was not a constant resident, must not be looked upon as certain, he would be a stranger to her.

Soon after this an invitation came for a party. It was at the Carr's and began early Mr. Carr accompanying Kate. The drawing-room had long windows, opening on to the terrace, and looking out over sloping meadows to the sea. Mr. Carr brought Kate to a low chair in the window, as the pleasantest spot in the room. Some of the guests had already arrived, and were out upon the terrace, watching the last sunlight fade over the sea. With his back to Kate, a tall man was leaning over the balustrade. A whole group came between them, but she could see the broad shoulders and close-cut dark head; it was a figure resembling one she knew, but which must be far away across that sea before now.

"Who is that?" she said with a start to Mr. Carr.

"Ah, you are surprised," he said, "and so is everybody. That's our friend Dennis, whom we all supposed to be well on his way out to the yellow fever. There has been some delay or other, and he has run down for a day or two. I met him at the station this afternoon, and asked him to come up here. I must have a talk with him presently, and learn how it is he is not gone. I've had no time yet."

He showed no inclination to go now; he never seemed inclined to go anywhere when he could talk to Kate. At last Miss Carr came and swept him away ruthlessly to make himself agreeable to other guests. By and by one or two came in from the terrace and Gerard was left alone. Kate, in her chair at the window, could see him; she saw that he looked round, and at her. Presently he came over to her.

"Won't you come out on the terrace, Miss Kate?" he asked. "The sun is setting beautifully over the sea."

Kate resolved that she would not; and in the very moment of resolving, got up and walked with him to the balustrade.

"Isn't it lovely?" he said, softly.

"How is it you are not on that sea?" asked Kate.

"There is some idea of young Webb's going out instead of me," he replied. "It is uncertain. I may be on it yet before very long. Are you cold?"

A strange sort of nervousness had made Kate tremble; but she would not admit it.

"No," she replied. "Why?"

"I can give you something to put round your throat. Look!—do you know this?" he said, drawing out of his breast pocket Kate's little lilac silk tie.

"My handkerchief!" she said. "Did you find it?"

"Found, and took possession, and meant to keep it," he replied. "I wanted some memento of the young lady whose self-command was so great that she never said a word, when she heard that a friend was going away to the hotbed of yellow fever for a couple of years. But don't send me sore-hearted across the water, dear Kate. I love you,—don't be unkind to me any more."

Gerard had turned the tables most completely, and Kate found herself charged with the accusation she had been bringing against him. She was not angered by it, nor did she wish to answer until she had heard that the photograph had been sent to Mrs. Maitland only in obedience to her direct request, and that Gerard had refrained from bidding Kate good-bye because he meant to come again and put his fate, once for all, to the test. His sincerity was in his face, and she believed in him, and gave him her heart.

◆

Louis II. of Hungary was crowned in the 2d year of his life, and ascended the throne in the 3d. In his 14th year he had a complete beard; in his 15th he married; in his 18th he grew gray, and at 20 he died, with all the appearance of an aged man.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY E. S. L.

"They were a pair by Heaven united;
Whose wedded love through lengthened years,
The trace of early fondness wears."

I am wandering to-night in the shadowy glade,
Of the dim and distant past;
I am marking the changes that Time has made,
And the deep broad shadows cast;
And along that vale sweeps a bridal array,
And the young bride is singing, "I'm passing away."

'Tis a vision of years, that comes o'er me now;
A dream of the olden time;
Of a maiden fair with unclouded brow,
On which sorrow has traced no line.
Hope buoyant—heart-trusting—that glorious May,
From the pleasures of youth, she was passing away.

Away from the friends of her childhood's hours,
To her place by another's side;
To gladden his home, and enliven his bowers.
As his comfort—his treasure—his pride;
Yet amid the pure joys of Life's happiest day,
Ever mingled that undertone—passing away!

We prove this truth when our lives are young,
Nor the world's deceit we know;
Many buds from the heart's bouquet are gone,
Ere the winds of autumn blow;
Though we cherished them fondly in Hope's young day,
They are lovely and fragile, and passing away.

Many years have rolled by with their sunshine and shade,
Since the first glad wedding hour;
Ye have known the happiness joy has made,
And the weight of sorrow's power;
Ye have seen the eye radiant with youth's bright ray,
Paling gently, but surely, then passing away.

Even now, as the sun of life bends towards the west,
And the shadows of evening draw near;
And the weary heart whispers, "This is not your rest,"
Never yield to disconsolate fear,
For the Omniscient Eye that has guarded Life's way,
Will still watch and keep you when passing away.

And now 'neath the same ancestral shade,
That looked on your childish glee;
Our gifts on the shrine of affection are laid
While we proffer kind wishes for thee.
Never suffer bright Love in your hearts to decay,
But still love on fondly, while passing away.

German Socialists.

The German Socialists now number, it has been said, one twenty-fifth of all grown Germans, or something like half a million of the Emperor's subjects. Prince Bismarck stated his belief, in the recent debate on the bill to suppress Socialism, that in Berlin alone there are at least sixty thousand Socialists. Forty-one newspapers are published in the Empire devoted to their ideas, and their subscribers number nearly two hundred thousand. Of the German Socialists, no less than ninety-five per cent. are working men, the rest are professors, students, speculative rather than practical Socialists; though the instance of Nobiling shows that in the latter classes are some men who are ready, at the risk of life itself, to assert their doctrines by dastardly deeds. Of course there are many men included in the swelling ranks of Socialism who abhor assassination and who stop far short of bloodshed as a remedy for the ills from which they suffer. They all believe themselves oppressed; all seek for effectual means to get rid of this oppression. They do not, however, all believe in attaining this end by violent means. The more moderate rather aim to procure a radical change in the laws by the legitimate methods of agitation and legislation. Yet the more extreme Socialists are the more powerful, and the revolutionary spirit is that which, after all, gives its vim and force to this remarkable movement. It is evident that the cause of the dissatisfaction with life's condition, which characterizes the socialistic theories, cannot be removed by repressing Socialism, for its chief element is the inequality of wealth which exists in all large communities, and people who are poor are more willing to see in the rich possessions of others, the cause of their own lack of wealth, than acknowledge any deficiency in their own ability to make merely as others have been able to do. In every community there has always been this dissatisfied element, and it will probably always exist.

◆

Lord Monboddo relates the following singular anecdote of a serpent: "I am well informed of a tame serpent in the East Indies which belonged to the late Dr. Vigot, once kept by him in the suburbs of Madras. This serpent was taken by the French when they invested Madras and was carried to Pondicherry in a close carriage. But from thence he found his way back again to his old quarters, though Madras was above 100 miles distant from Pondicherry."

That loathsome disorder, leprosy, was introduced into England in the reign of Henry I., and was supposed to have been brought out of Egypt, or perhaps the East, by means of the crusaders. To add to the horror, it was contagious, which enhanced the charity of a provision for such miserables, who were not only shunned but chased by royal edict from the society of their fellow creatures.

Market Gardening About Paris.

There are 6000 men, women and children engaged in growing early asparagus, lettuce, carrots and the like, in and around Paris. The rent of the land varies from $180 to $240 per acre, according to situation and irrigation plant. These market gardens are of comparatively small dimensions, and vary from 1½ to 2½ acres in extent. Taking the smaller size, the plant necessary to carry on business costs nearly $2,500, including large and small bell glasses, straw mats, glazed lights, frames, tools, baskets, horse, cart and other necessary materials. The regular workmen, it is said, earn an average pay of about forty cents a day, with board and lodging, all the year round. Extra men receive about seven cents per hour, women five cents. Most of the men come from other sections, not so much for the sake of the wages, which are low for France, but in order to learn a business which they can turn to profitable account when they return to their homes after two or three years' service.

An American, after residing some time in London, will begin to realize what a conservative place he has chanced upon, as many a quaint old custom of the mediæval ages crops up and obtrudes itself upon his notice. It is passing strange how the ghosts of old institutions and customes tenaciously cling to their old inhabitants. Only a short time ago an indignant victim of an old custom, "more honored in the breach than the observance," summoned some parish official for assaulting him. He, a guileless stranger had happened to be passing by on the day fixed for the annual recognition of the parish boundaries. He was seized upon, much to his disgust and astonishment, and violently bumped up and down several times, on the boundary line, in a manner which it is not necessary to describe more particularly than that it caused him to prefer a standing to a sitting posture for several days after. The only satisfaction he got for the outrage was the assurance that it was an ancient custom from time immemorial, by this "bumping" process, to fix the locality of the parish boundaries upon the memory of the bumped" one.

What Birds'-Nest Pudding is Made Of.—Eatable birds' nests are found for the most part in the islands of Java, Borneo, Sumatra and the Celebes. The bird which produces the nest is called the Salangane swallow. It flies with wonderful speed and precision. Their nests are fixed to the cliffs or just inside the caverns. What sort of a thing, then, is the eatable bird's nest that the wealthy Chinese are so fond of? It is that portion of the fabric which serves as a sort of bracket, on which the real nest made of grass, several fibres, small leaves, etc. is built. It is transparent, somewhat like isinglass, and comes from two glands in the bird's throat. It secretes there a soft gum-like substance, which can be drawn out of the mouth in long threads, and in the air it soon dries. The Chinese spend about a million and a half of dollars annually in the purchase of this dainty.

The adoption of the "tonsorial art" by women has its precedence in Japan where the best Japanese barbers are women. As in a Japanese family the shaving of the children's heads is a regular duty as imperatively customary as the Saturday night's general ablutions are among families where Sabbath and Sunday schools are old institutions, so nearly all Japanse women acquire a deftness and delicacy of tact with the razor that rival professional touch and skill. The girls and boys are not considered dressed or perfectly clean until their scalps in the chosen portions are perfectly polished. The male barbers of the period are stout conservatives resisting wordily the foreign custom of the hairy foreigners who wear beards, moustaches and full heads of hair.

Fortune telling.—Fortune telling is carried on to an extent in San Francisco unknown to eastern cities. Some of the women engaged in the business charge from $4 to $10 for an interview, and are visited by credulous stock speculators who seek to obtain supernatural "points" as to the market. One spiritualistic medium has a reputation for foretelling the discovery of valuable ore beds; another devotes herself to love affairs exclusively; another predicts the durability of any person's life. Several are notoriously given to blackmailing, to accomplish which they use information shrewdly gained from dupes.

The magistrates of the village of Awa, Japan, being unable to discover the author of a series of mysterious crimes, opened a poll, inviting every citizen to name on his ballot the person whom he thought guilty. One notorious ne'er do well was elected as the culprit by a great majority, and having confessed his crime was promptly executed.

Parisian Beggars.—Parisian beggars have become so audacious since the Exhibition closed that one of the fraternity the other day on receiving from a benevolent stranger a bad half franc by mistake, threatened to hand the donor over to the police f the coin was not immediately changed.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 4, 1879.

WE EXTEND TO ALL OUR FRIENDS THE GREETINGS OF THE NEW YEAR, WHICH WE HOPE WILL BRING TO THEM CONTINUED HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY.

OUR NEW FORM.

For over half a century, the "old SATURDAY EVENING POST" has travelled far and wide in its weekly visits to its many friends, without one faltering step in its progress onward through all the changes which mark its age, and many of the friends whose childhood was enlivened by its cheering, entertaining presence, still welcome it as a pleasant solace and diversion in their old age. As each year has passed away, it has left the rich experience of increasing years, and imparted a fresh and youthful spirit with which to fulfil the duties of the new year. It is with this spirit that the old time-worn garments of the past are now laid aside, and the POST starts out on its career for 1879 bright and fresh in the new dress which marks its unison with the progressive spirit of the age. This new and enlarged form in which the POST will appear in the future, suggests so quickly the many improvements and attractions it has in comparison with the old form, it should be a welcome change to all our readers; although, no doubt, it may unpleasantly affect some of our oldest friends, who have for so many years had the POST in its old familiar form and order of arrangement, that it may require a little trial, mingled, perhaps, with pain, to take their thoughts from the old customary form of reading, and adapt them to the new; but we feel sure this unpleasant effect will be quickly dispelled by the increased conveniences for reading possessed by the new form, and the opinion of its superiority to the old will be unanimous.

As our old friends stand on the threshold of the new year, and glance back through the long vista of years, they will see how many time-honored institutions, made dear by old familiar associations, have been strengthened in their usefulness and perpetuated in their life by the magical changes of a progressive age to which they have yielded, while those which failed to grasp the advantages of improvement, have long since passed away to give place to the work of modern genius and progress—which exerts its influence everywhere.

In every field of labor, art, science, and mechanism, we can recognize the effects of the influence of progress, invention and improvement, and it is especially visible in all the departments of journalism, for as the newspaper in its various forms is one of the great educators of the masses, it should be the first to take that path which experience marks as the progressive one towards success, and securing greater advantages and benefits to its readers. Each New Year finds us further advanced in this march of improvement, which breaks down the barriers of prejudice, ignorance and doubt, and developes a keener intelligence and appreciation, as well as a demand for those things which can better serve the comfort and convenience of the people. Our adoption of this new form is but yielding to that desire and necessity for improvement which has made the most prominent and influential weekly papers of the country make this change, the popularity of which undoubtedly proves its success, and must inevitably be the guide for those who would follow them in enterprise.

The old form involved many inconveniences of reading, in which frequent turnings of a large sheet always left a number of creases, and soon made it unfit for filing and binding; the absence of these disadvantages our friends will soon realize in the pages of the new form, which are cut and pasted together before leaving the office. So the paper goes to its readers ready for immediate use, and can be read with the same convenience as a pamphlet or book with its pages already cut, after which it still retains an unblemished condition for filing and binding, the facilities for which are also greatly increased, for the POST is now a more convenient size to handle as a complete volume, in which form it will become a valuable addition to the library, or an ornament to the table.

With the increased attractions and advantages which the new and enlarged form gives the POST, we shall hope to receive the increased good-will of our old friends and of many new ones, and trust we shall have their hearty co-operation in our work of extending its field of usefulness.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A story is afloat about the late Mr. McNab, curator of the Edinburg Botanical Gardens. When Dubufe's celebrated paintings of Adam and Eve was on exhibition McNab was taken to see them, and was asked for his opinion. "I think no great things of the painter," said the great gardener. "Why, man, Eve's temptin' Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago."

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THE extravagance displayed in theatrical costumes seems to be on the increase, for in one play now performing at a French theatre, the actress wears a sealskin dress that cost $3,000 while another one has a costume composed of a fine India Cashmere shawl of the most expensive kind, with a costly combination of satin and velvet. It suggests the query, which is intended to appeal the most to the appreciation of the audience and furnish amusement, the toilette or the play?

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A matrimonial broker in New York offers to supply wives at $5 each. He wisely argues that this is much cheaper than the usual investments in swallowtails, and patent leather boots, and ice cream, and theatre tickets, while the result is equally as satisfactory. The idea is an old one, but the argument is not only new, but will be fully appreciated by thousands of young men who spend so much of their income while making love that they never have enough left to get married on.

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EDISON'S plan of lighting and heating houses by electricity is a great step in this progressive age; but if reports can be believed, he may be outdone by a rival in Illinois. This inventor has almost perfected a machine for producing heat by purely mechanical means, and is already able to boil water or cook a beefsteak in a few moments. As the machine can be worked by water or handpower, and is portable, there should be no limit to its usefulness, provided, of course, the inventor can do what he claims.

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"REVERENCE for what is above us," says Goethe, "belongs to natural religion everywhere and is its universal basis. Reverence for what is around us, respect for the rights of our equals, comes with civilization, and is the religion of educated men everywhere. But reverence for what is below us is the highest attainment of man. For, to be able to look not only with toleration but respect on the mean, the base, the criminal, the prejudiced, the intolerant, the cold-hearted, and to believe that there is good in them, and that God loves them, is the loftiest height ever reached by man."

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THE necessity of having some new system of canal towage has long been felt, for the slow progress made by the old-time transportation is long behind the age in which science and invention have supplied improvements in almost every branch of labor and mechanism. The locomotive towage which has been recently tried with success, is asserted to be all that is wanted to meet the demands of a new towage system, and the matter has been taken earnestly in hand by a number of gentlemen who expect to make it realize beneficially to the country's interest as well as their own.

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THE frequency of shocking accounts of brutality towards patients in asylums for the insane, calls for the enactment of some laws by the different State Legislatures which will exert a protective influence on the inmates of these institutions. The helplessness of these poor afflicted creatures and their utter dependence on those who have them in charge, should call forth universal sympathy, but it is one of those painful conditions of life which can only be realised by those who have had a personal experience of its horrors through its affliction of some friend or relative.

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BUSINESS began to show signs of revival about the first of September, and for nearly four months now trade has been good, and in some lines better than it has been for ten years past, and the important effect upon the future is evident in the extended inquiry by capitalists for mercantile investments. Commercial confidence has already been restored in a large degree, and people who have money feel that they can, at least, venture it without fear of loss in business enterprises. In a little while this use of money will be directed toward our great industries, and the hum of the mills, factories, forges and workshops will be familiar to our ears once more.

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A NUMBER of attempts have been made in various parts of the country to revive foxhunting with all the parade and spirit it has in England, where the hunting circles have been greatly exercised over a late decision in a court of law against riding over other people's land. An English paper speaking in behalf of the landowners says: "Fox hunting exists only by courtesy, and its followers are indebted for their amusement solely to the kindness and forbearance of those who are owners of the land over which they ride." While it has found favor with a few in certain localities, an increased popularity is rather doubtful in a country where so many have their whole wealth growing in the fields around them, and they would not be likely to submit to its being ruthlessly torn up by fox-hunting men, hounds and horses.

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THE most advanced of young English girls divide their times as strictly as Clarissa Harlowe did, but instead of doing it for themselves they are guided by societies. In Miss Young's new novel, "The Disturbing Element," some one says of the heroine Winifred, "She gets up by the Early Rising Society, that's one; she reads by the Half-hour Society, two; she practices by the Classical Musical Society, three; draws by another, four; walks by the Out-of-door one, five; works by the—is it two or three working ones, Winifred?—Sewing, Knitting and Fancy work, and an Essay Society, besides"—"The Essay Society has broken up," said Winifred, in the unconcerned tone of one far too intent on her purpose to perceive a joke.

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THE predictions of the Canadian weather prophet Vennor have been singularly verified. In his calculation, he said a heavy belt of wintry weather, with heavy snowfalls, would probably occur towards the latter part of December, and that this would take in a large portion of New York and bordering States. So far the facts have proven this to be the case. Since the fulfilment therefore of this part of his prophecies, he may be entitled to consideration regarding the rest. Concerning the remainder of the season he writes: "I think the Winter will be exceedingly eccentric, with great and abrupt rises and falls of temperature. Consequently we may look forward to being frozen and thawed out again at the shortest notice. The Spring of 1879 is likely to be backward and wet, ushering in a cool and likewise rainy Summer."

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ASIDE from its other advantages, the success of the electric light would solve a most important problem affecting the lives of many persons now working in mines. "There appears to be no reason," says the Journal, "why electricity should not be made applicable for mining instead of lamps, and this would effect what our mining engineers and foremost chemists have long been looking for. It would give the men a light such as they have never dreamt of, enabling them to get a much larger quantity of coal in a given time that it is possible for them to bring down by the light of the lamp, which barely suffices to make the blackness of the working places visible. It would also benefit both masters and men, and greater safety would be insured, for explosions would be all but impossible, whilst the miners would be better able to guard against falls of roof and coal."

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THE Princess Thyra, daughter of the King of Denmark, who was married to the Duke of Cumberland, son of the late ex-King of Hanover, is said to be smaller than the Princess of Wales, her sister, and has more character. Some would call her pretty, but few could pronounce her graceful or gracious. The upper part of her face is almost classically regular, but the chin protrudes. There is a conspicuous absence of bloom in her complexion, and an anxious, worn expression of the eyes and hardness of the lines about the mouth. The princess holds herself bolt upright. She aims at being majestic, and succeeds in being stuck-up. The recollection that she is sister to the future Queen of England and Empress of Russia appears to be ever present to her mind. Her neck is very long and very slender, and requires the broad band of velvet which the Princess of Wales has made fashionable.

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A VERY beneficial society has been started in New York, as a correlative branch of the Decorative Art Society, and although but a few months in operation, it has already, in its unobtrusive way, done much good. The association of Decorative Art occupies itself more exclusively with works of art, while the "Exchange for Woman's Work" applies itself almost entirely to the useful, leaving a margin for the acceptance of certain works of art however, which are not quite up to the standard set by the other society, so there is no unpleasant competition of one with the other. The Exchange has opened a field of work to those women whose circumstances compel some exertion towards self-support, of which so many feel the necessity, and yet are unfitted to fill the positions which are open to women, and it enables those, who although incapable of excelling in artistic work, can readily use their talent in producing something requiring less creative ability but useful and ornamental, which can be brought before the public through the medium of this Exchange. No work is received except through a manager of the society or a subscriber, whose fee is but a trifling amount, but the acceptance of work must be approved by the managers. The work received is not confined to fancy work, paintings &c., but fine home-made preserves are received and sold; a branch of work which has lately found great favor and success among ladies seeking a means of self-support.

WE begin the New Year with a new serial of absorbing interest from the pen of a renowned author. It is full of startling and thrilling incident, as well as dramatic power, and involves a subject which has always possessed an irresistible fascination, which in this form we feel sure will absorb the interest of our readers, and at the same time give them a pleasing contrast to our other interesting serials.

WE have some dear old friends scattered here and there whom we have lost sight of in the changing events of time, to whom a visit of the old POST would bring a thrill of pleasant memories. We ask our subscribers to help us to make that visit, by showing the POST to their friends, among whom there might be some old one of ours who would be glad of the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with us.

She was a lady passenger in one of the transfer coaches which run from the depot and after becoming tired of keeping still, she turned to the driver and asked: "How much further does this horrid hill run?" Jehu replied: "Clear to the bottom, Madam."

THE SNOW.

BY S. K. PHILLIPS.

The snow lay white on the moorland, the snow lay white on the fell,
The snow lay thick on the garden walks,
And on what had been rose and lily stalks,
Till under its weight their heads they bowed,
As to seek lost glories amid its shroud.
The snow lay cold on the ivy leaves,
And heaped on the lattice window-eaves,
And ever and aye, sad, deep and low,
Through the veil of the softly-falling snow,
Rang out the minster bell.

She rose from her dreamy vigil, the watch she kept by the fire.
She rose with a quick impatient sign,
Tossing the favorite volume by,
Unheeding the dog with its wistful gaze,
Unheeding the pictures she saw in the blaze.
She passed to the window and lingering there,
Saw the snow on the branches gaunt and bare,
The snow in the clouds, and the snow on the ground.
And the sharp still air in frost-shackles bound,
Full of snow-flakes that would not tire.

She said, "It is all in keeping with the life I am doomed to know:
My buds have blossomed, my blossoms are dead,
My fruits are wasted, my seeds are shed—
Shed and perished: no second spring,
For the winter of life is nestling
'Neath the drifts of age or the frost of death,
To waken in flower at April's breath;
My two sweet seasons are laughed away,
My autumn is waning chill and gray,
And the grave waits under the snow."

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

They were now speaking of the marriage.

"You cared for George very much, I suppose?" said Joan.

A deep blush stole to Sybilla's beautiful face. "No one, save himself, knew how much, or ever will know, Joan. As to George, I believe he had loved me from the time I was a girl of fifteen or sixteen; and his frequent visits here, after he joined the army, were made for my sake. The marriage was not kept an entire secret, Joan: as soon as my father knew of it he insisted upon its being disclosed in confidence to the Lady Abbess and Sister Mildred. Father Andrew went over and told them."

Joan Pomeroy abstractedly stroked her black silk gown: her thoughts were cast back to the past.

"I saw Mr. Hildyard as I came through London." Joan was resuming when Sybilla interrupted her.

"The letter from India, that was lost," she asked eagerly: "has he heard of it?"

"He says he has never seen it or heard of it."

"It is strange that letter should have miscarried, when the letter to my father, posted with it, arrived safely."

"You are sure the other was posted?"

"Certain. Moore, George's confidential servant, mine now, posted them himself. Major Barkley was with him at the time."

"Major Barkley? George's great friend was he not?"

"The greatest friend he had in the world. It was Major Barkley who wrote the letter which was full of confidential details—to Mr. Hildyard. A short note, penned by George in his dying hour, was also enclosed in it."

"Letters do get lost unaccountably sometimes," observed Joan. "It was an unfortunate thing in this instance, on account of Leolin."

"Very, very unfortunate," murmured Sybilla. "His feeling toward me is not a kind one. And he has never seen my father since my return."

"He will get over that," said Joan calmly. "Disappointments of that nature require time to soften them. But, Sybilla, speaking of your father—what is it I hear about his sickness?"

Close upon the arrival of Sybilla as Lady of Pomeroy, John Gaunt was taken seriously ill. He had been ailing for some time previously, but had not paid much attention to it.

Upon getting worse, he sent for Mr. Norris. The doctor stood aghast at the symptoms displayed: they were most ominous. Since then Gaunt had been in bed, slowly dying. Dr. Bill came every other day from Owlstone, and Sybilla passed much of her time at the lodge.

"Does he fear, himself, that it may terminate fatally?"

"I should like to see him," said Joan gently. "You must let me go with you this afternoon."

But, ere the afternoon had well set in, the abbey was disturbed by a message from the keeper's lodge. Gaunt was dying. It was the doctor who brought it. He first of apprised the Lady of Pomeroy, and then made his way to Leolin. The latter, lingering in moodiness at one of the front windows, had refused to go.

In the course of the day he had another appeal—this time from Father Andrew. For once in his life the priest's good-humored face was more serious than a judge's.

"Don't let Gaunt die, my son, asking for you in vain. He is most anxious to see you. The wishes of the dying should be held sacred. What has Gaunt done to you?"

"What has he not done?" retorted Leolin. "Been in a conspiracy to wrest my lawful inheritance from me."

"That is just your erroneous way of looking at matters. Your brother George's marriage and the birth of this son wrests, as you term it, the inheritance from you. Gaunt knew nothing of the marriage."

"I won't see him," said Leolin. "That's the second denial I have sent him to-day. Let him content himself with his grandson."

"A brave little fellow, the young lord, if they can only get some flesh upon his bones," remarked the priest, opening his snuff box as he retired and left Leolin to his obstinacy: for "a wilful man must have his way."

But at the twilight hour, when softness unconsciously steals over us, Leolin repented of his obduracy and set out for the lodge.

John Gaunt, soon to be no more, lay on his bed, the dew-drops of coming death already rising on his once noble face—a face sadly worn and weakened now. A lively expression of gratitude, of welcome, illumined it as Leolin entered. The young lord leaned on the bed by his grandfather's side, half in fear, half in curiosity; Sybilla sat at a little distance; Joan was in the next room.

"I could not die without seeing you," began Gaunt, holding out both his hands to clasp Leolin's. "This late estrangement on your part has been very painful to me. I feel that I have not deserved it. No one has been more grieved than I have that the child should put you out—but it lies not in my power, or in anyone's power, to alter it.

The boy would wrest my inheritance from me, usurp that of my children: I tell you openly—for I disdain to work in a corner—that I do not consider my brother George's marriage was proper or legal; and I will do what I can to get it annulled."

Gaunt, struggling with his weakness, and with a feeling of aversion to these sentiments, lifted his head from the pillow and supported himself on his left elbow. He solemnly raised the other hand in a warning attitude and spoke in a tone that thrilled through those who listened to him.

"Beware, Leolin Pomeroy. For your own sake, I pray you, beware. You cannot sin deliberately before heaven, and be unvisited for it."

"Let him beware," returned Leolin, standing with his arms proudly folded, and glancing at Rupert. "This little usurper."

"One sad judgment has already fallen on your family," breathed Gaunt; "do not you act so as to provoke another. As you deal by this child, so may you be prosperous in your own children!—and take heed how you despise the warning of a dying man."

He fell back panting. The Lady of Pomeroy rose to administer some reviving drops; and Leolin Pomeroy, frightfully disturbed, went forth into the night air.

CHAPTER XIX

WHISPERED NEWS.

Cold weather was coming in early. It could scarcely be called autumn yet, for September was but passing; but a bright fire burnt in the breakfast room at Lord Essington's, in Berkeley Square: a small back room that somehow looked dull even in the sunshine.

On a footstool close to the fender, roasting one side of her pretty and delicate face, sat a child of some four years old, simply dressed in a cotton frock and white pinafore. Her large, lustrous, light brown eyes, eyes of exceeding softness, were bent over the doll upon her lap. A large wax doll, with fair flowing curls and blue eyes, that had been the gift of Leolin Pomeroy. You have not forgotten her—little Annaline Hetley. Things were anything but smooth at her home, so far as Captain Hetley's finances were concerned, and the good-natured earl had kept the child on, rather to the discomfort of his wife and daughters.

"Now dolly's Dolly, and I'm mamma," whispered the child caressing her doll. "And Dolly shall have breakfast, presently, and then, if Dolly's good, she——"

Footsteps, descending the stairs, caught her ear at this juncture, and the promise to Dolly was broken off. Running to deposit the doll on a chair beside the window curtain, Annaline ran back and disappeared with the footstool under the table. Lady Geraldine opened the door at the moment, and advanced to the fire. The child's curls came peeping out from under the breakfast-cloth, as Geraldine crossed the rug, causing her to start back.

"You tiresome little—toad!" cried Geraldine. "How dare you hide yourself to frighten people?"

"Oh, please, I was only putting the stool for Lady Essington," pleaded the child in her imperfect tongue—which it is as well to correct in transcribing. "She likes to have it you know."

"Well, don't you do it again," retorted Geraldine.

The next to come in was the earl. He lifted the child on to his knee and kissed her heartily. His will was good to keep the dear little thing always: but they were purposing to go from London on the morrow, and she was to be sent home to her father and mother. The illness of his son, Lord Cardine, had detained them at home since Anna's marriage.

"Your last breakfast here, Annaline," remarked the countess, grimly, when all were seated and the meal was beginning. "I hope you feel grateful for the very long and pleasant visit you have been allowed to make here."

"Yes," said the child, imperfectly understanding: or probably not understanding at all.

"Halloa!" broke in the earl. He had opened the letter that lay by his plate, and was reading its contents—only a line or two. "Pomeroy and Anna are coming up to-day."

"What?" cried Lady Essington. "Impossible!"

But the news was true. Leolin wrote that he had to visit London for a day or two on business; must see Mr. Hildyard; and should bring Anna, as she wanted to come early on Wednesday morning.

Wednesday! Why that was this very present day. The travellers might be close upon them then.

"I must say it is tiresome!" cried the countess. "And most of our things packed! When are we to get away, I wonder."

"Tiresome!" cried the earl. "I say it is the most delightful surprise we could have had. Never mind about getting away. If I did what I liked I should stay here and not move at all."

"If you were half as considerate for others as Anna is, you'd be happier, child, than you are," said the earl, smiling at her good-naturedly.

Before the breakfast was digested, Leolin and his wife arrived. Shut up with the earl in his study, Leolin spoke of what his business was—to consult with Mr. Hildyard as to the steps that must be taken to dissolve the marriage contracted by his brother George, and displace the young child who for the present was called Lord of Pomeroy.

About a fortnight had elapsed since Gaunt's death. Sybilla—who from henceforth must receive her true title from us, that of Lady of Pomeroy—had now appointed another agent, or steward, to manage the property; one James Knox, and gave him the lodge, her father's old dwelling, to live in. All this, so demonstrative of Sybilla's power, of her right, did but fan the flame of resentment nourished by Leolin.

Lord Essington listened in silence to what Leolin had to say. In fact, the latter was so vehement in enlarging upon his wrongs, that the earl could not get a word in edgeways.

"Don' do it," said the earl at length. "Don't attempt it. So far as I have been able to gather, this marriage was a just and proper marriage, certainly a legal one, and the child is as much Lord of Pomeroy as his father was before him. Had I ever oppressed a poor or weak man to aggrandize myself, I could not die in peace."

Leolin was silent.

"Put the case to yourself fairly, Leolin," pursued Lord Essington, who was pacing the room as he talked, while Leolin sat back in an easy chair. "Were you Lord of Pomeroy, and left a son behind you, how should you like a younger brother of yours to usurp the title and estate, and thrust, or strive to thrust, your own son aside? What would you think of it?"

"About my son there could, I hope, be no such discussion," haughtily spoke Leolin.

"Well, well; you are looking at the matter at present through distorted glasses. I can allow for your annoyance, for your vexed feelings: but it must not make you unjust."

"I am surprised, sir, that *you* look upon it thus. Remember Anna. I wedded her as Lord of Pomeroy: and now we are dispossessed."

"I grant you that we feel it, Leolin, her mother especially. But it is a misfortune that no one could forsee, and that neither you nor ourselves are to blame for. Therefore, nothing remains but to make the best of it."

"We can't think alike upon this matter, I fear," said Leolin, rising. "I am very sorry you cannot see the affair as I do."

"You will see it differently by-and-by, Leolin. It takes time to get over a smart. Sit down: I want to say something more."

Leolin sat down with rather a bad grace. He was in a fever to be off to the lawyer's.

"You have two courses open to you in this dilemma," remarked Lord Essington. "The one is, to return to diplomacy; the other, to remain at Pomeroy Abbey—as the new Lady of Pomeroy wishes you to do. I should counsel the former course——"

"No," interrupted Leolin. "For the present I shall remain at Pomeroy, so that my time may be my own."

"As you please. You will go back to diplomacy later, I daresay, when you get tired of being idle. Your income and Anna's combined amount to not much more than a thousand a year, I believe."

"Not much," assented Leolin.

"Well, in a misfortune of this kind, brought about by no fault of yours, it is the duty of friends and relatives to help when they can. I cannot do much; you know how extravagant my son is, keeping me poorer than I need be: but I will allow you and Anna a thousand a year until your fortunes mend. Only—not a word of this to any mortal living, save Anna. Mind that. You must not chatter to my wife."

"How good, how generous you are!" exclaimed Leolin, his heart and face alike glowing, for the kindness touched him. "I hope it will not be for long that we shall need to tax you."

"That will make your income two thousand a year: somewhat more. And while you stay at the abbey you will, at any rate, live rent free: if you take up with diplomacy again, you will be paid for it. You had better submit to the inevitable with a good grace, Leolin, and not cry over spilt milk."

But Leolin had not the least intention of following this advice. Taking his hat he went forth to the offices of Hildyard and Prael.

In the fleetest cab that he could pitch upon he made his way to Lincoln's Inn. Hardly giving time to Mr. Hildyard to greet him, he plunged into the point he had at heart.

"This wretched marriage of my brother George's that has come to light. The Court of Rome must be appealed to to annul it, Hildyard."

The lawyer looked at him, and paused. "Upon what plea?"

"What plea!—every plea," retorted Leolin, chafing at the implied dissent. "A marriage of that nature, solemnised in secret, ought not to be allowed to stand."

"Pardon me. I hear that the lady, now Lady of Pomeroy, is in every respect worthy of her position: in beauty, in culture, in intellect and in goodness. I hear it from your sister—Miss Joan."

"Oh, Joan! Joan was always fascinated with Sybilla Gaunt. Any way you will have to take my instructions in the matter, Hildyard."

"I still fail to see upon what plea you would proceed."

"No plea is needed; our Church can make its own pleas, you know. Will you take my instructions or not?"

"As you please. If I decline, you will only carry them elsewhere, I suppose. But it is not a just thing to do, Mr. Leolin."

Leolin, who was seated opposite the lawyer, drummed for a few moments on the table with his gloved hand, his good-looking face stern and cross.

"George made a will, I believe," he resumed. "Do you know what its provisions were?"

"Yes. His wife takes all, save a legacy to his servant, Moore, and to one or two other people."

"Oh, of course he would leave all to her!" retorted Leolin, rather sarcastically. For, in truth, the very thought of Sybilla put him out of temper.

"The all is not so much," remarked Mr. Hildyard. "Under four thousand pounds."

"Under four thousand pounds!" echoed Leolin, in very astonishment. "Was that all George had saved?"

"It appears to be all he had to leave."

"Then what became of his money? He could not have spent a tithe of his income since he came into Pomeroy. They lived in the quietest and most retired manner possible over there, as I am given to understand."

"It is more than I can say. All I know is that his revenues, as Lord of Pomeroy, were transmitted to him duly and regularly."

"He ought to have died worth—oh, something like twenty thousand pounds, spending so little as I hear they did spend."

Mr. Hildyard shook his head. The question had more than once occurred to himself, and he had felt a little puzzled over it. "That is all your brother left behind him," he observed, aloud. "What he did with the rest I know not."

"She put it by for a nest-egg, perhaps," suggested Leolin, alluding to Sybilla. "By the way—who wrote you that letter?"

"Moore. It was a very short one—briefly giving the bare facts of the death. He said Major Barkley would send me further details."

Leolin took out his watch. He had not come to waste his interview in this desultory gossip, and Mr. Hildyard, much against his will, had to listen to instructions and suggestions on the scheme of annulling the marriage.

"There is one thing I wish to mention to you," observed Mr. Hildyard, when Leolin was preparing to depart; and he dropped his voice to a whisper, as if the subject was a secret one. "But, first of all, let me ask whether you have heard anything lately of your brother?"

"Which brother?"

"There is but one left now—Rupert."

"Nothing. Except that George's widow says he is not dead. It seems George had a letter from him now and then. She thinks he hides himself in desert places unfrequented by man."

"I fear he is in England.

"In England!" gasped Leolin, turning cold with dread.

"I do fear so. And, oh, how imprudent it is! But Rupert was always careless. Were he discovered—tracked out—the consequences might be dreadful."

Leolin could not speak. His heart felt faint within him. "How do you know?"

he presently asked. "What do you know?"

"I will tell you. A confidential clerk of mine, Collins—you must remember him by the way: a thin tall man in spectacles, middle-aged, light hair——"

"Yes, yes, I know Collins," impatiently interrupted Leolin.

"He was in Spain lately, on some private business of mine. Coming back he, for certain reasons, took his passage on board a small Spanish trader, where he expected to find no person whatever but the Spanish crew. However, when he had been a day at sea, he found that she carried another passenger: a sick gentleman, he was told, who kept himself shut up in his private cabin. One night, shortly before reaching Falmouth, to which port they were bound, the vessel came in contact with a steamer; she was thought to be sinking; and, in the confusion and shock, this sick passenger came leaping up on deck. It was Rupert."

"Heaven help him!" cried Leolin.

"He had a large cravat of some kind folded round his neck, but he wore no hat, and Collins knew him at once. The moon was very bright that night, shining full upon his face. It was worn and thin, and pale, but it was Rupert's. Catching sight of Collins, he seemed to recognise him, and dived down again into his cabin instantly. The vessel did get to Falmouth in safety, and there Collins quitted it."

"And Rupert landed?"

"Little doubt of that. But for intending to land why should he have made the passage?"

"I wonder if his misfortunes have turned his brain? None but a madman would attempt to come here under the circumstances. Why, Collins might have taken him there and then. Is he to be trusted?"

"Who? Collins? Entirely: as you would trust myself. Collins confided the matter to me; but he will never speak of it elsewhere."

"How long is this ago?"

"Not above ten days."

Leolin lifted his hands in alarm. "Why—he must be in England now!"

"Yes, you may trust Collins in all ways," observed Mr. Hildyard, "but rest assured it was your brother Rupert. I thought it right to inform you of this, Mr. Leolin. What his object can be in coming here and running his neck into danger, I know not."

Leolin Pomeroy got back to Berkeley Square in a kind of dream. If his unhappy brother should be taken, what on earth would become of the good name of the Pomeroys?—to what disgrace might it not be brought?

CHAPTER XX

IN THE CHAPEL.

In the small round room of the south tower, that was appropriated to the studies of the young Lord of Pomeroy, sat that little gentleman himself, with his governess, one fine morning in November. Short though the period of his stay hitherto had been at Pomeroy—but three months, all told—Rupert seemed to have picked up wonderfully.

When Rupert began to grow better, one of the first acts of the Lady of Pomeroy had been to inquire after a suitable governess. In India she had taught him herself. The governess was soon found: a Miss Haberdale. She was a staid lady of some five-and-thirty years, great in modern languages and accomplishments, had also Latin and Greek at her fingers' ends; just the governess for the young Lord of Pomeroy. Rupert soon grew fond of her: he was of a most affectionate disposition, docile, tractable, and clever. He and his mother had settled down inhabiting the south wing and south tower. Mrs. Pomeroy remained in the one portion of the front pile; and Leolin Pomeroy with his wife occupied the other front portion and the north wing.

Leolin did not, and could not, keep up the state he would have kept up had he been the lord, but he was almost regarded as such. He and Lady Anna were much visited in return. The Lady of Pomeroy was glad that it should be so: while she wore her deep widow's weeds, while her son was so young and delicate, she declined visiting on her own account. As to Leolin, when he was not out shooting or fishing or dining, he was busy in his library over his favorite scheme—the dispossessing of his nephew, George's son. It appeared to have taken complete hold of him; to be, in fact, little short of mania.

Miss Haberdale, a little, fair woman, her dress as neat as she was, sat at the head of the small square table; Rupert was opposite to her, "doing dictation." Just now it was English dictation: presently it would be French; afterwards Italian. Miss Haberdale, held the book in her hands, and Rupert wrote on the slate before him. The child was very thin still; but anything more beautiful than his refined face as he lifted it, and the intelligence in his violet eyes, could not be seen. He wore a black velvet dress, made as a tunic, a white cambric collar with a plaited frill.

"In the field we saw a hare," read Miss Haberdale; and Rupert repeated the words after her as he wrote them. "A hare," wrote he, and then looked up.

"We did really see one the other day, you know, Miss Haberdale. Father Andrew——"

"Yes, yes, I know. But you must write now, Rupert, not talk. Go on. The hare was running across——"

An interruption. The room door opened with a bang, and in rushed Miss Mary Pomeroy.

"Now!" exclaimed the governess, displeased, "how often have I told you, Miss Mary, that you are not to come to this room during lesson time? I cannot allow it."

Miss Haberdale had cause to speak. Mary Pomeroy was a great deal fonder of being in the Lady of Pomeroy's wing than of staying in her own. But for controlling influence on both sides, she would have been there always.

"You have no right to order me, Miss Haberdale. The room is Rupert's, and if he chooses to have me here, he can: he is the Lord of Pomeroy. I shall stay here, shall I not, Rupert?"

Poor Rupert looked distressed—never was there a little heart more sensitive than his. Between the appeal of Mary, which touched him, and the consciousness that obedience was due to his governess, he was in a dilemma.

"I should like you to stay, Mary; if—if you may," said he with hesitation. And Mary drew up a chair.

"No," dissented Miss Haberdale, decisively. "Not unless you get your slate and do the dictation with us."

"Do, Mary," whispered Rupert. "And I'll ask for you to dine with me."

It ended with the young lady's fetching her slate. The prospect of dining with Rupert was all-potent.

In the afternoon the two children went out together, attended by Bridget. The fine day, so bright in the morning, had become overcast. The skies were of a dull leaden color; but the air was still and mild, almost warm. In fact, the day was already declining, for they were late in starting.

They crossed the cloisters to the quadrangle, passed through the abbey gates, and bore round to the right. "I am going to see old Jerome," announced Mary, in her authoritative manner.

Away flew the children to the Keep, Bridget after them. Bridget, passionately fond of Miss Mary Pomeroy, gave in to most of her whims without a word of dissent, and suffered herself to be led anywhere. Arrived before the door of the Keep, Mary seized the bell-handle and rang on without cessation; her usual mode of announcing herself. Old Jerome, looking sadder and greyer than of yore, opened the door.

It admitted them into a small inward recess, and thence to the lower room; the same room where the foolish Lady of Pomeroy, Mary's mother, had once sat on the stone ledge, talking with Rupert. The room was furnished now; Jerome made it his kitchen.

"I am going upstairs," proclaimed Mary; and, without saying with your leave or by your leave, she darted to the door that opened upon the narrow staircase. Sometimes Jerome kept this door locked. Mary had once stamped her foot in anger, and ordered him to unlock it when he would not.

The door was free to-day, and the children ascended the narrow and winding stone staircase. A door on the right led them into a room that Jerome called his parlor. It was tolerably well furnished with a carpet, some books, and other things for comfort. The deep window, not much better than a loop-hole, looked towards the abbey, and had a distant view of the sea. Above this were two other rooms, in the smaller of which Jerome slept.

Restless by this time, and anxious to be on the move, Mary led the way down, said good-bye to Jerome, and left the Keep. Her quick eye caught sight of something unusual at the door of the chapel.

"Look there, Rupert, at that truck! What are they going to do? I shall run and see."

A small marble tablet was about to be placed on the south wall inside the chapel, to the memory of George Pomeroy. Sybilla had given the orders for it when she returned; it was now ready to be fixed. The men, charged with the business, had brought a truck full of articles that would be required when they proceeded to work on the morrow, and had left it at the door.

The children went into the chapel, Rupert reverently doffing his hat. They trod reverently, and halted when they came to the stone that covered Mary's father; a flat stone let in smoothly to the flags, the initials of his name and the date of his death being alone cut into it.

But on the walls to the right, between the white marble tablet that recorded the death of the old lord and the place where was about to be placed the one to the memory of George, rested the tablet to Guy. Mary read it aloud. The inscription was in Latin; but the child read it correctly and understood it as well as that good Latin scholar, Father Andrew himself. Translated it would have read thus:—

"Sacred to the memory of Guy, Lord of Pomeroy; who met with a sudden and violent death on the evening of the seventeenth of October, 18— in the thirtieth year of his age; and whose mortal remains lie in the vault underneath this chapel. R. I. P." After that followed a few lines expressive of the virtues of the deceased, and of the sorrow of the friends that mourned him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO YEARS LOST.

BY VIVIENNE.

Maria Leigh was young, and not so very long ago was it that her heart had awakened to its spring-time. But she went about now more like a dead creature than a living woman. Wan smiles poorly veiled her inner trouble; and her hands were often pressed upon her breast as if the pain there was too sharp for endurance.

You would have smiled, perhaps, to see him who was the source of all this trouble. There was nothing particular in him to look at. Rather tall, squarely built, a good sensible kind of face, and deep-set, earnest blue eyes. What was there in *him* to awaken the depths of poetry and passion—or to darken life?

He was but a country doctor, too, this Edgar Mervyne, and as yet only six-and-twenty years of age. Mr. Mervyne, the father, had been a doctor before him: but he died young, and left his wife and children to battle with the world. The elder son had obtained a good post in a foreign land: Edgar, the younger, embraced his late father's profession. Old Dr. Danford took him into partnership, giving a third of his profits, and Edgar lived with his mother and made home happy to her with his dutiful affection.

This place, Candelford, was a gay village, what is called an aristocratic one; and in the summer season it never lacked visitors, being near the sea. And the world went smoothly enough with Edgar Mervyne and his mother. For miles round no evening party was thought complete unless Mr. Mervyne made one at it. The old doctor growlingly told him not to let the world spoil him; the young man shook his head in his quiet way, and said there was no fear of it.

Matters were in this state when Miss Leigh—the only daughter of Captain Leigh, ex-officer and gentleman—came home from school. She was eighteen; a sensible, good, sweet-faced girl, of gentle bearing and retiring manners, as a modest maiden should be.

And somehow—Cupid alone, whose ways are full of mystery, could have explained it—these two were at once attracted to each other. They often met at the houses of friends; and the young doctor seemed to find no place so pleasant as Captain Leigh's villa.

"Do you know," said Maria to him one day, when he sat snipping bits of paper with her embroidery scissors, "that the Paxtons are going to have a visitor?"

"No. Who is it?"

"Some young lady from London. A Miss Mortimer. Very stylish, and very rich."

"None the better for that," interrupted Mr. Mervyne.

"And can speak half a dozen languages, and is always dressed to perfection," went on Maria. "How insignificant we girls down here shall be beside her!"

Mr. Mervyne, who had risen to leave, took a calm survey of the pretty girl before him, the delicate hands, the soft brown hair, the modest face, so sweet and blooming. "I cannot suppose that *you* have any cause for apprehension on that score," said he significantly.

Maria colored at the words—and at what they implied. He watched the glow steal over her cheeks, he looked at the long eyelashes veiling the soft brown eyes, and his pulses quickened. How charming she was, this modest girl!—how lovely!

Tender words trembled on his lips; but he forced them back. "Too soon, too soon," he thought. "To ask for her yet might only invoke a refusal—perhaps an interdiction to our meeting. Perhaps—I think—she understands me."

Maria did understand him. She believed that she had his entire love, and that, in due time and place, it would be declared. She was perfectly content to wait that period; aye, though it was for years. To see him daily, to touch his hand at coming and going, to listen to his always pleasant voice, was bliss enough, making her days a very Eden.

Miss Mortimer arrived at Candelford. She made her first appearance in public at Mrs. Martin's croquet and dancing party, which took place on the following afternoon. A fresh face is quite an event in a quiet country district, especially one advertised as Miss Mortimer's had been, and everybody was on the qui vive to see it.

The impressions she made differed—as usual. But one thing was certain, whatever her motive, she appeared interested in the young physician, and he evidently felt flattered by her preference.

Maria Leigh could not but observe it, a vague uneasiness was already cropping up in the poor girl's heart. And the time went on.

It went on so smoothly and gradually that Edgar Mervyne himself could hardly say when the soft, ever true hazel eyes of his old love vanished from his dreams; and the dark orbs, full of fire or languor, usurped their place. His love for Maria had been quiet and tender, stirring the emotions pleasantly. But this new passion was a thing apart. The man was bewitched.

As for Miss Mortimer, she was floating with the tide. Determined to interest, she had herself grown interested. And the next thing she asked herself was—what was to be the end of it?

There ensued a mental struggle. She thought of the little cottage home, the old fashioned mother, the humdrum country life. Of course she would not sink to that—but she would have lifted him out of it. Marry him!—a rustic Æsculapius! What a finale to her grand career—which she had always intended should terminate in a marriage of splendor! She refused to see Mr. Mervyne the next time he called, and then spent the evening in regretting it.

Thus came Maria Leigh's unhappiness. Judge what it was for her to watch these two, pride forbidding her to show a trace of what she felt. Do not blame Edgar Mervyne too harshly. He had never told his love: diffident of his power to please, he had never presumed that it would be accepted; or, at any rate, that *he* would be accepted by Captain Leigh. And when this flood tide of passion overwhelmed him he found it stronger than he was—and he strove to comfort himself with the hope that Maria had not cared for him. And so the weeks of the summer went on, and on, and so undemonstrative was her lover that Sophia Mortimer repeated over and over again to herself, "I doubt if it ever comes to that."

It did "come to that." When the harvest moon was filling the nights with glory Edgar had spoken. All Sophia's doubts vanished in a wild whirl of delight. She surrendered absolutely, accepted him unconditionally, and confessed how much she loved.

Another week or two of lover's bliss, during which the engagement was made public, and then Miss Mortimer had to go back to town, recalled by her aunt, with whom she lived. The young lady had no parents living, and her fortune was already her own. Mrs. Strahan had heard a rumor of her niece's doings at Candelford, and sent her a peremptory summons. And then there were the interests of her son, Hubert, a dandified young fellow, with whom Sophia had enjoyed many a day's flirtation.

* * * * *

The world and his wife came back to town, winter approached, and the usual gossipping and gaiety re-commenced in the set Mrs. Strahan lived in. Sophia, courted as ever, went here, there, and everywhere. It seemed that her whole heart's life lay in society's toils. Yet the summer romance was not forgotten. There were quiet morning thoughts, tender evening reveries. Delicate missives sped to the distant village and brightened Edgar Mervyne's winter. One sole cry seemed to comprise their purport—that he should come and establish himself in London.

A call more easy to hear than to comply with to a young surgeon whose guineas were of the scantiest. However, Edgar accomplished it at last. A friend whom he had known at Guy's hospital got him a place with a doctor in practice near Holborn, and who wanted an assistant in his work; in time it might lead to a partnership.

He came to Mrs. Strahan's as often as he could—as often as the exigencies of a very large practice allowed him.

He was introduced to society. Society, though civil, gave not the least evidence that it was enchanted. Somehow he did not assimilate well with the artificial society of fans and pretence and drawling tones: and society did not assimilate with him; once or twice society indulged in a covert laugh at his expense. Sophia, disappointed, chid herself. What did she expect, she asked. And a little voice, hushed as soon as possible, kept suggesting that Edgar was different—or had looked different in the country.

One evening Sophia sat sulky and sad. They had had a quarrel. Things were turning out so differently from what she had anticipated. Edgar was different: not what she had thought him, not what he was at first. Her shallow, impulsive nature, changing in a moment from petulance to tenderness, could not understand the quiet strength of his affection.

Another thing, their tastes and pursuits were so dissimilar. These balls and kettle-drums and insane gatherings, which made her life, he hated. She had condescended—by this you may know that love was far in its decline—to a man whom everybody thought beneath her; and how was she rewarded?

"It is hard to see you so unhappy," Hubert remarked to her, and there was true sympathy in his tone; "and yet you condemn me to silence. But you are trying to achieve impossibilities—to kindle fire in ice—turn the veriest prose to poetry. You have made a choice unfit for you. The man is a worthy person in his way, I acknowledge it, sterling and true; but he is about as unsuitable to you as an owl would be to a humming bird. Neither can he expect to comprehend you The greatest kindness to him, as to yourself, would be to break the tie between you "

"No, no," she said hurriedly, "I can't do that. Not yet, at any rate," she added to her secret self But the idea came up sometimes. It flattered her vanity that Hubert believed her uncomprehended where she ought to be most understood, most admired. And that simile of the owl and the humming-bird caught her fancy; her own gay, airy, sunny, rippling nature would never mate well with Mr. Mervyne's solid, steady-going virtues.

At the close of summer, Mrs. Strahan went on the Continent, carrying her niece with her. Hubert went also in their train. The young doctor had to stay at home and take care of his patients. There could be no holiday tours for him. Be you very sure that Hubert Strahan, who liked his cousin fairly well, and her fortune very much, took care to improve his opportunities.

In November they were back again. But —she had been a whole week at home before she let Mr. Mervyne know of it. He came up on the following evening, and the old intercourse was renewed.

But it was not what it had been, on either side. He would come in late, often weary, preoccupied with grave cares; she was more frivolously worldly than ever, and she flirted openly before him with her cousin Hubert. The matter was brought to a close by Mr. Mervyne.

They talked the matter over, and agreed to part.

"Let us not blame ourselves too much," he said kindly, as he put out his hand. "We made a mistake, but we have been fortunate enough to find it out in time. Let us part in peace and pleasantness."

So they parted in peace. And that same week the wedding day was fixed between herself and Hubert Strahan.

But Mr. Mervyne had received a pill that was bitter to swallow. The fault was his, he told himself, not hers. Why had he allowed himself to become fascinated with this gay-winged butterfly, when a girl more sweet and worthy had already laid hold of the better portion of his heart. Anyway, he had succumbed to her, she had fooled him, and he now could only make the best and the worst of it.

Whether he would have gone back to Candelford of his own accord, remains unknown. But there came an epistle to him from Dr. Danford, asking him to go, and holding out the inducement of a half share now, and the full practice later. Mr. Mervyne leaped at it. And the old doctor welcomed him with open arms, and the sick in Candelford held a jubilee.

He and Maria Leigh met once more. She was unmarried yet, and prettier than ever. Old memories came back, old fancies, old feelings; and somehow they fell at once into their old intimate, confidential footing.

Mrs. Leigh was dead. The captain finding himself somewhat solitary, and growing infirm besides, would have had the young doctor always at his house; so that he and Maria were more together than even they used to be.

He, Edgar Mervyne, grew to wonder whether she would think a heart worth having that had made itself a foot-ball. And wondering, he lingered with her amid the garden's shade, and in the drawing-room twilight. And at length he grew to think that, with his improved prospects, with the good practice that would shortly be his, he might dare to ask her.

Her answer was a happy blush and a rush of tears. Captain Leigh's answer was of a more practical nature.

"You rascal! I saw what it was coming to; I've watched you both. Look here: you shall only have her upon one condition—that you come here to live. The house and everything else will, you know, be hers when you've got rid of me. Come! shake hands on the bargain."

Thus it all came right at last, which is more than can be said of lovers' strayings every day. Edgar Mervyne, happy in the brightest home, with the dearest wife in the world, tells Maria that he can never forgive himself for those two years of delusion, and calls them two years lost.

Never Neglected.—It is useless to deny the power of beauty. In the drawing-room or ball-room the really pretty girl is never a wall flower. Everybody gives her, at least, a chance, and everybody wants to dance with a girl with whom everybody is dancing. Prestige is soon acquired in a ball-room, and nothing gives it so quickly as a pretty face. The old stages and the shrewder hands, perhaps, find her out, and avoid her, as a Dead Sea apple; but there is always a fresh supply of young fellows to be attracted by that settled bloom and that eternal simper.

If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know is right.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon the difference of one degree in the scale.

The White Chest.

BY A. O. G.

It was just the house I wanted. In size and situation it suited me exactly, as the phrase goes, literally down to the ground. Its rent, too, was extremely moderate. Why then did I hesitate to take it? Why did everybody hesitate to take it? For the last seven years or more it had never been let. All the house agents at the West End had had it in hand one after another. The terms had been reduced each season that it came into the market, and still there was no finding a tenant for it. Everybody who went over the house was charmed with it. Nevertheless, everybody having reached the roof, and having looked round for a minute or two, descended with a firm determination not to take the house. Now what was the reason? It was not haunted, no ghosts had ever been seen, or mysterious noises heard—such things were never even hinted at. I had heard the rumors about the house often, and my curiosity had always been piqued, so that now, when I wanted just such a house for the season, I determined to go and look at it for myself.

Finding all satisfactory, and just as I expected from top to bottom, I was stepping out on to the roof with Mr. Crumble, agent, and was saying to him:

"Well, I can't conceive why people won't live here," when my eye fell upon a curious object erected upon the leads at the rear, and surrounded by a high railing. It looked like a huge skylight or glass lantern, about ten feet long, three high, and three broad. But instead of forming a light for a staircase or room beneath, it seemed to have been built for the purpose of covering another curious object, which, occupying nearly the whole of the space under the glass, was plainly visible through it. This was a long white box, resembling a seaman's chest more than anything, only much larger. It rested upon four legs or feet, which raised it about a foot from the flat surface of the roof. It was a creamy white and varnished, and, apparently not being intended to open, any more than its glass covering, had no hinges or lock to its top or lid.

"What the deuce is that?" said I to Mr. Crumble.

"Ah!" replied that functionary, with an odd expression in his face, "that's it, sir?"

"What's it, pray?"

"Why, the secret, sir."

"The secret? how is it a secret? what do you mean?"

"Well, sir, what is it, what it's meant for, what inside of it."

"Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"Doesn't anyone know?"

"I suppose somebody does, but we don't; we are forbidden to inquire, or to attempt to find out; if we knew we should be able to let the house perhaps."

"How long has it been there?"

"A long while I believe, sir—ten or twelve years. Before my time."

"But who put it up?"

"Well, Mr. Gayling, we suppose; nobody seems to know exactly when it first appeared there."

"But the servants," I protested, "they must know."

"Oh! I have heard there were none in the house at the time; they were all dismissed just before it was put up. Mr. Gayling never keeps many servants, sometimes he has only one, sometimes none. Nobody lives in the house when he's away, but he always leaves the keys with us. He is always changing his servants. Mr. Gayling is; I have often heard him say that he likes new brooms."

"What is he, or what was he?"

"A gentleman in the naval line, I believe, sir, they are rather rum 'uns. I'm told.'

"Humph!" I said, "very odd. But do you mean to tell me that nobody will live here because they don't know what's in that box?"

"That is partly the reason, sir."

"Absurd," I was going on, when the man continued:

"But there's a clause in the agreement about it; that's what does it, sir."

"Explain," I said.

"Well, sir, here is the clause," and he produced the document, "perhaps you would like to read it yourself?"

Thus it ran:

"And in taking the house, at the rental, and for the term specified as above, I hereby solemnly pledge my oath never directly, or indirectly, through my own agency, or that of others, to attempt to meddle with, to disturb the white chest under the glass case on the roof, or to seek in any way to discover for what purpose it has been placed there, or what it contains; and I further guarantee that no person in my employ, nor anyone entering the house during my tenancy thereof, shall make any such attempt, and I hereby undertake that in the event of their being detected in doing so, or of my doing so, to forfeit the sum of five thousand dollars, and in accordance with this agreement have, in proper legal form, lodged the said sum with the bankers of Thomas Gayling, Esq., the lessor, as a guarantee of my good faith."

"But for that clause," went on the agent, as I finished reading it with some surprise, "we should have no difficulty in letting the house."

This strange prohibition excited my curiosity and set me thinking; and the result of my thinking was, that I signed the agreement two days afterwards, having conformed to the peculiar stipulation regarding the deposit. I had no fear of losing my five thousand dollars; the interest on it was a mere addition to the rent, and the house was so exactly what I wanted, that it would even then be cheap to me, with my large family of motherless children.

I had, on taking the house, determined on not bothering myself about the chest, but before I had been there a month, it began to act as a nightmare on me, an incubus I could not shake off. These feelings at last reached such a pitch that I finally changed my bedroom, I would not sleep any longer directly underneath this accursed mysterious fabric.

About a week after this a lengthy debate kept me late at the House of Commons, and walking home for the sake of fresh air I found the midsummer dawn breaking as I struck into Park lane, and at that moment I was startled by observing in the western sky a strong light, not due to reflected sunrise, and ere I had walked another two hundred yards I saw, yes, merciful powers! it was my house that was on fire!

I can scarcely record what followed; I only knew that somehow I found myself in the midst of the police and firemen. That I explained to the chief who I was, and that under his escort I soon ascertained that all the inmates of my house, my children, their governess, and the servants, were in safety, and had been taken in to a neighbor's at the rear; that, as soon as I found this to be the case, I, accompanied still by the superintendent, mounted to the top of an adjacent residence, whence the firemen were directing the hose upon the flames

Once on this vantage point my mind reverted to the white chest. Was it still there? Yes; the flames, though bursting out from all the windows of the upper stories, back and front, had not yet done more than wrench and crack portions of the glass case. But presently, amidst the roar of the flames, there came a dull heavy rumble for a moment, and then with a tremendous crash the roof fell in. With it went the glass-case, and the now charred and blackened chest itself.

But good heavens! what was it that I looked down upon? I turned my face away for a moment with a shudder, for there, protruding through the splintered fragments of its once creamy-white wooden case, was a huge leaden coffin, which in its turn melting and bursting with the heat, displayed within the unmistakable form of a shrouded corpse! I was in the act of drawing my companion's attention to it in horror, when suddenly there flew up around it with redoubled fury, such a mass of flame and smoke, that it was entirely hidden, and soon the fire had so spread and burst out again, that the horrible spectacle of this unintentional cremation was shut from sight, and the house was finally burned to the ground!

I pass over what immediately followed after I had made my way back to the friendly abode where the members of my family were sheltered. In a few days they were snugly settled again in another home, fortunately not very much the worse for the terrible scare. In due course the time arrived for looking into my losses, and while I was doing so I received a letter from Mr. Gayling, who had some to town requesting an interview. I was glad of this, for I foresaw it must lead to some explanation of the strange circumstances surrounding the agreement I had signed. Unexpectedly Mr. Gayling disclosed it to me immediately we met!

"I have asked for this interview, sir," he said abruptly, "because I am a ruined man, through your tenantcy of my house."

"But," I interposed, "I am told you were fully insured. I do not understand you."

"Listen, sir," he went on, "and you will: I was brought up to the sea, and followed it till mid life, for I was entirely dependent on my own earnings. My only relative at this time was an old uncle, also a sailor, and a most eccentric man, as you will presently see. Fifteen years ago he suddenly came into a large sum of money; I never knew how, but he retired and took that house. He had only been in it three years when a mortal sickness overtook him; he sent for me.

"'Tom,' said he, 'I am dying, and I don't like it; I am terrified, not so much at the thought of death, as at the thought of burial; a sailor's grave I would not mind, but to be boxed up and thrust into the earth, no, Tom, I won't stand it. I look to you to see that it doesn't happen; and I have taken measures to make sure that you do see that it doesn't happen. I've made my will, Tom, I've left you all I possess, but on one condition, and it is, that you are my heir so long as I am well above ground, and no longer—mark the words, "well above ground." Directly I am buried, or my remains are allowed to mingle with mother-earth, as she is called, all my money, mind, goes straight to the Seamen's Hospital, every penny of it."

'But what am I to do with you?"I asked.

"Oh, run me up aloft, masthead me, anything you like, but don't bury me.'

"Well," went on Mr. Gayling, "to make a long story short, I found that the conditions of the old man's will were binding, and his executors and myself hit upon the plan of hoisting the coffin on to the roof of his house. Under certain conditions we found it was possible for us legally to do this. So I dismissed my three servants, employed a country undertaker, my old ship's carpenter, and a foreign glazier, in order that the matter should not be talked of in the neighborhood, and personally saw the arrangemehts carried out. You can now understand my reasons for not having it meddled with; yes, sir, and you can now understand that the conditions of the will must take effect. No sign of the coffin or the body even was to be discovered in the ruins of that house. I have had a rigid search made, to no purpose; the old gentleman's remains have been consumed, have mingled with mother-earth, and the money passes as a matter of course to the Seamen's Hospital. I have not a penny in the world. What can you do for me?"

It is not necessary for me to say what I did for Mr. Gayling, but finding by other evidence, that his story was substantially correct, I felt his case was a hard one, certainly a strange one, and I acted, I hope, not ungenerously towards him.

Women as Sculptors.

Although there have been more than five hundred women artists of considerable talent, there have been very few female sculptors. This has been attributed by some to that physical weakness which renders women unfit to cope with man in this peculiar department of art. Still, there are female sculptors who prove that, even in this beautiful and difficult attainment, women may, if possessed of the genius, develop it successfully, and with credit to herself.

The first female sculptor of whom we have any knowledge is Sabina Von Steinback, of Germany. She executed the greater part of the work of ornamenting the cathedral of Strasburg. Her groups, which are of remarkabe beauty, have elicited the most enthusiastic admiration.

Properzia de Rossi was celebrated for her proficiency in Sculpture. She was born in Bologna in 1490, and died in 1530. She began her artistic career by carving on peach-stones; but, her ambition increasing, she extended her labors to marble. There are several of her works extant, one of which, two angels in *bas-relief*, in the church of St. Patronis, is exquisitely sculptured. But, though fame richly crowned her efforts as an artist, the more satisfying boon of love was denied Properzia de Rossi. She devotedly loved a young nobleman; but her passion was unrequited, and in the beautiful creations of her chisel, she depicted her unhappy love.

Marie of Orleans was the daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French. In 1832, she was married to Duke Alexander of Wurtemburg, and died in 1839. She executed a full-length statue of the Maid of Orleans, which is placed at Versailles. Her last work is an angel, in white marble, of which beautiful creation it has been remarked: "It seems to be the result of inspiration." This lovely statue has been placed upon the sarcophagus of her brother, in the chapel of Sablonville.

Madame Lamartine, the wife of the celebrated writer, carved a marble font, surrounded by angels, which is placed in the church of St. German de l'Auxerrois, in Paris.

Donna Luisa was a native of Seville. Her father being a sculptor, determined that his daughter should follow his profession. She sculptured a very beautiful Magdalen, which is placed in the hospital at Cadiz. She also executed several smaller figures, which are said to be of superior merit.

The career and works of our American sculptors, Miss Hosmer and Miss Vinnie Ream, are to well known to need mention.

Reading and Working.—It is not by books alone nor by books chiefly that a man becomes in all parts a man. Study to do fathfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge. That is your post. Stand to it like a true soldier. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing wider things, if such lie before them.

Idleness, as has been truly said, is the mother of crime; and it is the true road to poverty. We are all so constituted that our minds must be employed. Persons brought up in idleness and luxury often acquire bad habits which they never throw off through life and which aid in premature death. The associations in life are various, and all ought to be employed in some useful calling, and to faithfully discharge that duty.

UNKINDNESS.

Ah, could we always say and do
That which is kindest, wisest, best,
For careless words we should not rue—
Words ta'en in earnest, meant in jest.

A cruel word may wound the heart;
A deed unkind is past recall;
And those who feel the pain, the smart,
Let countless tears in secret fall.

Unkindness on the spirit preys;
Of mirth and joy it seals the doom,
And veils the star of Hope, whose rays
No longer penetrate the gloom;

And scarce leaves energy to trace
The good for which we might have striven;
But it may aid the mind to place
Less faith in others—more in Heaven.

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXX—[CONTINUED.]

"I have beaten him once," said Sir Owen, "and I will beat him again: if he goes in for one interest, I will go in for the other."

For his wife's sake no one answered him; and Lady Rolfe gave the signal for the ladies to withdraw.

"I shall never go out to dine again if I have to meet that man," said the old Colonel, who was an aristocrat *de pur sang*. "Such men ought all to be shot. What could that woman be thinking of to marry him?"—for the Colonel was far above the scandal and gossip of the neighborhood; none of it was ever brought to him.

So there were times in her brilliant luxurious life when Lady Chevenix was weary of it all and longed to see the face of a true friend. She had called on Eva Lester, but Eva had declined to see her, and "Aunt Jane" had been rampant on the occasion.

Lady Chevenix sat in the best parlor at the Outlands, looking very lovely, dressed in sheeny silk and marvellous lace, when the elder lady came in to her, more erect and uncompromising than ever.

"My niece declines to see you, Lady Chevenix," she said, "and I think she is quite right. You jilted our best friend, and, naturally enough, we take his side. Do not call again—Eve does not care to know you."

Perhaps in all her life Lady Chevenix had never felt so humiliated. There was no polite disguise about the remark, no conventional veil. "She had jilted their best friend, and they did not care to know her." Even Evelyn cried out in wonder when she heard what her aunt had said.

"No half truth for me!" said that uncompromising lady. "If every one told the truth, this would be a different world."

Never had Lady Chevenix felt so humbled; even her magnificent carriage seemed to have grown small and insignificant when she returned to it; while the very servants seemed to know that she been treated with scorn and contumely. She had hoped to have heard something of Felix from Evelyn, but, if Eve would not see her, why, there was an end of it.

She had not encountered her old lover once. She wished very much to see him. Why should they not be friends? She had no desire for anything more than the most common form of friendship. She remembered his bright, sunny temper, his sweet smile, his wonderful good humor, his cheerful presence. She felt that it would be a comfort and a pleasure to see him after the sullen silence that often lasted for days—to hear a few bright words. She found herself often wondering when and where she should meet him again. At last the time came.

Lady Maude Bramber had been absent from home for some few days, and during that time the Earl had sent out invitations for a dinner-party. If he and his Countess had heard anything of the love story of Felix and Violet, they had completely forgotten it. The Earl sent out their invitations, and one went to Garswood for Sir Owen and Lady Chevenix, and one to Felix Lonsdale. Lord Arlington very seldom had a large dinner party now without inviting Felix; his brilliant conversational powers made him a most welcome guest.

"Felix is a host in himself," the Earl would say laughingly.

He had not the faintest idea, when he sent out his invitations, of having done wrong. Lady Maude, to whom Felix had revealed his love-story, did not return until the day of the dinner-party, and then it was too late to send a note or message anywhere.

"They must meet some time," she said to herself in dismay; "perhaps it will be better here than elsewhere. I shall be at hand to help him if he requires help."

She said nothing to any one, but awaited the course of events.

The dinner was given in honor of Lord Rayden, a great statesman, who was visiting the Earl, and Lord Arlington was both pleased and proud to introduce his young and gifted *protege* to his friend. Colonel Riddell was invited—also Lady Rolfe, her daughter Lavinia, and several other friends.

It was a warm day, and the green shade of the foliage all about Bramber Towers was cool and inviting. The dinner-hour was fixed for seven.

"There is no keeping people indoors on these fine summer nights," said the Earl, "so we may as well be prepared to spend the evening out of doors."

Lady Maude only hoped the evening would pass as pleasantly as her father seemed to anticipate. She alone knew what rival interests would be at play. She would have been better pleased had there been time to send a messenger to Felix to tell him who were to be present, but there was not time. She resolved to attend early and wait for him. He should not be seen to disadvantage. She knew that he was coming early; he had some papers that her father wished to see, and they had arranged it so.

Lady Maude was the first in the drawing-room, and to her great delight Felix came in soon afterwards. She was wonderfully proud of him. As Lady Maude looked at him, she thought to herself that there could not be a finer, handsomer, or nobler looking man in England than he was.

There was a warm friendship between the two. Felix would have done anything in the world for the noble, beautiful woman who had seemed to him like an angel of comfort in the darkest hour of his life; he had the the greatest reverence, the greatest esteem for her; he knew that he owed all his good fortune to her kindly influence with the Earl. And Lady Maude was very fond of him. She watched his career with pride and hope; she had a proprietorship in him; but for her he might have gone to the bad. So now she waited for him, and, when he had spoken a few words of greeting to her, she said—

"I was waiting for you, Mr. Lonsdale! I have something to tell you. I know you are a brave man; this evening I shall see your bravery put to severe proof."

He could not imagine what she meant, but he said that he hoped whatever might be the proof she would not find him wanting.

"I have no fear as to that," she said earnestly. "Mr. Lonsdale, I want to tell you that Lady Chevenix will be here this evening. Papa made up his list of invitations during my absence, and I could do nothing."

She was glad that they were alone. His face grew as white as death—so white that she was alarmed; he stood quite still, and she saw his hands tremble. She talked on that he might have time to recover himself.

"I would have prevented it, had it been possible, but it was not. You have never seen her since her marriage; and I am told that she has grown doubly beautiful. Still, if you do not feel equal to meeting her, you shall not."

She saw the great effort he made to recover himself. He succeeded; the color returned to his face; he stilled the trembling of his hands; he smiled as he answered her—

"You are so good to me, Lady Maude, that I am at loss how to thank you for giving me this warning. I needed it. If I had met Lady Chevenix suddenly, I should have been terribly embarrassed; now I am master of myself."

"And will keep so?" said Lady Maude earnestly.

"And will keep so," he repeated.

Then the Countess joined them, and presently one or two more entered the room.

"Look," said Lady Maude, as she touched Felix's arm gently.

He looked in the direction indicated and beheld Violet, so changed from the lovely laughing girl who kissed him and quarrelled with him twenty times in an hour that he hardly recognised her. This was an imperially beautiful woman, on whose white breast and white arms shone jewels worth a king's ransom—a woman whose face was so peerlessly lovely that it dazzled one as did the light of the sun.

Violet wore one of the triumphs of art that she had brought with her from Paris; and nothing could have been devised to enhance her loveliness more. Her dress was composed of some pale green fabric, soft and shining, covered with clouds of white lace looped up with water-lilies, and in her golden hair nestled a lovely drooping water-lily. She wore a *parure* of diamonds and emeralds. Her white shoulders and well-moulded arms helped to compose a picture that no man could have seen without feeling his heart beat the quicker for it.

Lord Arlington went forward to meet her. Like a foil to her bright and radiant loveliness, her dark-browed husband stood by her side.

"You are right," said Felix to Lady Maude; "she is a thousand times more beautiful."

Lady Chevenix did not notice Lady Maude Bramber leave his side and go up to her. When she had exchanged a few words with her, she said—

"An old friend of yours, Lady Chevenix, is here this evening." And once more the two who had parted so tragically stood face to face.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Once more Violet and Felix Lonsdale stood face to face. They looked at each other for a moment in silence. To Felix there came back with a keen bitter pain the memory of his passionate farewell; to Violet there came the sudden keen conviction that she was looking at the face of the only man she ever cared for. Lady Maude Arlington, much as she disliked the brilliant young beauty, felt pleased, after bringing the two together, that she had screened Lady Chevenix from observation, for she trembled—her face flushed crimson, and then grew white.

Felix was the first to speak. He did not hold out his hands in greeting; he simply bowed and murmured some few commonplace words.

"I am very pleased to see you," said Lady Chevenix; and the voice had a ring of truth that touched both listeners.

With her usual smiling grace Lady Maude said—

"We have a little time to spare—would you like to look at these photographs? They are quite new, and finer than anything I have yet seen."

They sat all three round one of the pretty little tables that were covered with pictures and books. Lady Chevenix turned to Felix again.

"I should like to see your father and Mrs. Lonsdale," she said. "Are they well?"

"They are quite well," he told her, but he made no response to her desire of seeing them.

"He does not care at all about seeing me," she thought; "he does not seem in the least degree agitated or embarrassed—he has forgotten me;" and, as the thought came to her, her eyes filled with tears. "He never could have cared so very much for me," she said to herself; "he could not really have grieved about losing me."

She looked at him—he was talking in a lively and animated strain to Lady Maude. She wondered to herself if this calm, proud, handsome man, so perfectly well-bred, so self-possessed, talking so brilliantly to the Earl's daughter—if this really be the same ardent, despairing young lover who had bidden her a passionate farewell. He was in no hurry to talk to her. She had rather pictured herself as having to hint something like prudence to him; she could have laughed at herself for the notion.

He did not look at her; she doubted even whether he had noted her rich dress, her shining jewels. When she spoke, he replied with polite indifference, with well-bred calmness, but he never once voluntarily addressed her. It was all so different from what she had pictured that she experienced a strange sense of depression.

Lady Maude was compeled to leave them for a few minutes, and then Lady Chevenix turned to Felix.

"How strange it seems that we should meet here!" she said.

"Yes, it is strange," he replied. "I am very often here on business—you, I presume, come equally often on pleasure?"

"It is my first visit," she said; but he did not ask the reason of that.

"How cold, how indifferent, he is to me!" she remarked to herself. "No one would ever think even that we had been friends. If he would say something reproachful, it would be better than this."

But there was no thought of reproach in him. He spoke to her with a smile. He neither sought nor avoided her. His conduct was such that she might have been a stranger whom he had met for the first time. Then came the signal for dinner, and Lady Chevenix was a little surprised to find that Felix took down Lady Maude. She went down with the Earl, and Sir Owen escorted Lavinia Rolfe. Violet was so placed at the table that she could see and hear all that passed.

Never in her life had the beautiful Lady Chevenix felt so surprised. She had always heard Felix spoken of as being clever and gifted; but she had never dreamed that he was really the genius he was. When with her, he had seldom spoken of anything but herself and his great love for her. Now, for the first time, she heard him converse with intellectual men, who all seemed to look up to him as their superior. She was astounded. The great statesman Lord Rayden talked much to him, and the Earl asked his opinion.

"It does me good," said Lord Rayden," "to hear such ideas as yours, they are so thoroughly fresh, clever, and original. We must have you on our side. You must not go over to the enemy."

Felix had a natural wit that made his conversation piquant and amusing. Lord Arlington delighted in it. When any playful attack was made on himself, he would look at him and say—

"I shall leave you to answer that, Mr. Lonsdale."

The dinner was a complete success. It was a new thing to Lady Chevenix, intellectual conversation such as she was listening to. She looked once at her husband, and she saw him gazing with undisguised admiration at Felix.

Sir Owen said little. He had ideas of his own: one was that talking at dinner-time was a bore rather than not; people sat down to eat, not to talk. He certainly did not contribute much to the general entertainment. He dined well; and more than once Violet felt something like dismay, as she saw how the wine-glasses before him were replenished. She could not help contrasting the two men: nor was there only one present who did so. Felix was so bright, so handsome, so animated, so gifted and intellectual; he was a leader of conversation even amongst older and wiser men than himself, for he had the gift of picturesque language. Sir Owen, coarse and heavy, his brain dulled with constant drinking, speaking little, but, when he did speak, saying something almost disagreeable, was doltish and inert, except when he was offensive. There could have been no greater contrast—and Lady Chevenix saw it. To herself she thought how Felix would be appreciated and understood in London, how eagerly he would be sought—who would care to remember that he was the son of a country lawyer? Such men make their own mark. Where her husband would not be tolerated, Felix would be received with open arms.

All these observations she made to herself, as she sat by Lord Arlington, her beautiful face wreathed with smiles. The last words she heard, as the ladies quited the dining-room, were from Lord Rayden.

"The next time you run up to London, Mr. Lonsdale," he was saying, "pray come and see me; I shall be delighted if you do, and I shall show you the very article in the newspaper of which we are speaking."

And in her own mind Lady Chevenix thought that such a thing as an invitation from the eminent statesman would be an honor Sir Owen would never attain.

The gentlemen did not linger long over their wine. Lord Arlington saw that Sir Owen was inclined to drink freely; he made a note in his own mind that it should be some time at least before that gentleman dined with him again.

As his lordship had foreseen, the outdoor attractions proved too much for the younger guests. The Earl himself and Lord Rayden sat down to chess; Lady Arlington, Lady Rolfe, Colonel Riddell, and Sir Owen made up a whist-table; Lavinia went to the piano; Lady Maude distributed her attentions equally, and most of the younger people went out through the long open windows on to the wide terrace.

The evening was fragrant, calm, and sweet; far away under the trees the glow-worms were beginning to shine, a nightingale was singing in the gardens, the faint ripple of fountains filled the air, the rich odour of roses and lilies ascended like a cloud of perfume.

One by one the guests went out. Some descended the terrace-steps into the rose gardens below; some admired the tints in the west left by the sunset, leaning over the stone balustrades; others wandered into the beautiful grounds. Lady Maude walked for a short time with Felix, and then she looked up at him with a smile.

"You can amuse yourself," she said; "you are a man of resource. I must go to that unhappy young lordling who is feebly trying to talk to Miss Lloyd."

She left him, and Felix turned down a broad path where the acacia-trees were in full bloom. Lady Chevenix saw him, and followed him. She had been longing for the chance of speaking a few words to him, and it had come at last. He was startled when a shadow fell over his path and a sweet voice said—

"Felix—Mr. Lonsdale—will you be friends with me?"

He turned round in amazement. Violet stood before him, looking as lovely as a vision, her silk dress and rich lace trailing round her, her beauty deepened because over her white neck and shoulders she had thrown a silvery veil; it fell from her golden head, shadowing the fair face.

"I have alarmed you," she said; "you were not thinking of me."

"I am afraid, to use a lawyer's phrase, that is a true indictment," he replied "Lady Chevenix, I must plead guilty. I was thinking of Lord Rayden."

"And I was thinking of you," she said gently.

"You are very kind," he returned indifferently. "Lord Rayden is quite a new type of man to me; I have seen no one like him."

They were walking down the path together now—he had been compelled to follow, as she led. The white acacia-blossoms fell on them; the evening breeze full of sweetness. Lady Chevenix turned to him with her old graceful impetuosity.

"I do not want to talk about Lord Rayden—I do not care to hear about him; I want to hear of you."

"You are very kind," he said again, with a polite bow.

She stamped her little foot on the ground impatiently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dr. Carver, the marksman, has bought a team of elks, which he intends to drive about the streets of New Haven.

CHANCE.

BY J. M.

A word unspoken, a hand unpressed,
A look unseen, or a thought unguessed;
And souls that were kindred may live apart
Never to meet or to know the truth,
Never to know how heart beat with heart
In the dim past days of a wasted youth.

She shall not know how his pulses leapt
When over his temple her tresses swept;
As she leaned to give him the jasmine wreath
She felt his breath, and her face flushed red
With the passionate love that choked her breath,
And saddens her life now her youth is dead.

A faded woman who waits for death,
And murmurs a name beneath her breath;
A cynical man who scoffs and jeers
At woman and love in the open day,
And at night-time kisses with bitter tears
A faded fragment of jasmine spray.

PERPETUE.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

Amongst my dear mother's illusions was one which often surprised and indeed perplexed me. It was that as I had never left her from the day of my birth, she had necessarily formed my character. Now, I will venture to say that the reverse was the case, and if there had been any forming of character between us, it had taken the contrary route. My gentle mother could not bear to think, and very early cast that burden upon my shoulders. I took it willingly enough, for being young I fancied myself equal to anything; and so far as thinking for another person can do the thing, I certainly formed the character of my dear mother from the time I was fifteen till the sad day on which I lost her.

But it does not follow from this that my character was not formed by some one, and that some one was Perpetue Saurel.

Perpetue was our servant. She had a heedless young handmaiden under her, Melanie Legrand; but she, Perpetue, was the servant at the chateau and was known as such throughout Gravilles.

Bold indeed would have been Melanie's heart if she dared to assume any other position than that of Perpetue's assistant. With the master and mistress who paid her wages and gave her board and lodging Melanie was supposed to have no connection; she belonged to Perpetue.

I remember Perpetue very well, though she died when I was little more than a child. She was a tall bony woman of fifty, with a squint in her brown eye. Yet she had been handsome, and her face had a sort of stern good humor in it which attracted children. My brother John and I loved her dearly, and though she could be rough, and even swear at us every now and then, she spoiled us dreadfully, and was never happy when we were out of her sight. Her swearing, though it was by no means of a profane kind, was very objectionable to my dear mother. Unluckily she did not know French when we came to Gravilles, and she never discovered Perpetue's weakness till she had had her two years and could not do without her. Then, indeed, she argued and remonstrated, and Perpetue laughed and promised to mend, but she did not; and my dear mother, who grew rather deaf about this time, innocently boasted that she had cured Perpetue of her evil ways; and whenever mistresses lamented over the deficiencies of their servant, wondered they did not do as she did and improve the culprits; her system, she said, was to be firm and just.

Perpetue knew she was all wrong, and said so. But she was a native of Burgundy, and to the wine of her native province she also laid the blame of her wrong-doing. "It was all very well for people to be cool and phlegmatic upon cider," she said; "but wine was a warm and generous drink; it made your blood flow more freely and it loosened your tongue. May be it also gave you a certain quickness of temper and a certain freedom of speech; but then wine was wine and cider was cider."

Dear old Perpetue—she seemed very old to me then—if Burgundy gave you your true loyal heart, so tender and so faithful, if it gave you the sincere honest tongue which never uttered a falsehood, what a noble vintage it must be!

Perpetue had been handsome in her youth and she had had her love story. She told me all about it, and I listened devoutly in the old stone room on the ground floor, where Perpetue sat in the evening when her work was done.

"My mother would not let me marry him," said Perpetue solemnly; "so as he wanted a wife to keep house for him, he married another girl. They lived in a village three leagues off, but I heard of it of course. I said to my mother: 'Now I shall marry the first man who asks me,' and so I did. My first love's wife died before the year was out. I suppose he had not forgotten me, for he came to our place, entered the wine shop and asked my husband, who happened to be there, if he knew Perpetue Saurel. 'Yes, I do,' he answered, 'she is my third cousin.' 'And is it true that she is married?' he asked. 'Oh! yes, and her husband beats her every day of her life,' for you see he knew my old lover and wanted to teaze him. He sighed on hearing that, and said, 'God forgive him! I should have liked to marry her.' Upon this my husband laughed, told him who he was, and brought him home to supper. We were all three very friendly, but he came no more. He could not marry me and he wanted a wife. He soon found one, and she was as happy with him as his first wife had been."

"But your husband did not beat you, Perpetue," I said, indignantly.

"Oh! no," she replied, quietly; "that is to say he beat me once," she added, her brown face flushing and her eyes taking an angry light; "but he never did it again."

If Perpetue had informed me that, taking up a stick, she had given her husband a sound cudgelling, I should have believed her, such was my faith in her prowess; but Perpetue had secured impunity by other means, as I soon learned.

"You see," she said, "he was the easiest and best of men, poor fellow, but he was weak and he liked his glass of wine, and Burgundy is not Norman Cider. So he came home one evening rather flushed and warm. I scolded, and though I had my first child, then a baby, in my arms, he turned round and struck me. The blow sobered him. He stood up and stared and me, and I got up and faced him. 'You have beaten me,' I said, 'and I will not live with a blow. One of us must die; let it be me; I am disgraced; kill me, then; kill mother and child. Kill me, I tell you.' I put myself before him, but he put me away so, with his hand. 'Do not,' he said, 'do not—you can surely see how grieved I am at having touched you.' I do believe," continued Perpetue, "he was cut to the heart, so I forgave him and he never struck me again, poor fellow."

Perpetue was sitting by the open window. The warm western light came in, and its glow was full on her brown face. I saw her eyes grow dim, and her lips quiver. Poor Perpetue! she never could speak of her dead husband without emotion. He had been foolish, a spendthrift, what is called a good-for-nothing fellow, but her heart overflowed with indulgence and forgiveness for all his sins. She had not loved him. A less generous woman would have hated him for that very reason, but there was a lofty strain in Perpetue which forbade such meanness. Her husband was her elder by many years, and grew irremediably foolish and extravagant towards the close of his life. One of his fits of folly had brought him to Gravilles, and Perpetue had followed him, breaking every tie of home and kindred to cling to him.

"The poor dear man," she said to me; "he did not know what he was doing, to be sure, but it was not because I had not married him for love that I would have forsaken him in his old age. Our children were dead, but he was still my husband. So I followed him and took care of him till the end came; then, not caring to go home, I stayed here and became the servant of the chateau."

How fresh these strong hearts keep to the last! This woman whose head was grey could not forget her young love. She could not forget that thirty years before she had loved one man and married another. She could not forget that though she had neither deceived nor betrayed her husband she had withheld something from him, something he knew not how to win, and which she could not give. And so, because he had not been loved, the silly, worthless fellow was forgiven again and again. Because he had not been loved he received tenderness and devotion without stint. I know that of all the graves in the churchyard of Gravilles none had a greener sod and brighter flowers than his, and I know too, though Perpetue never told me so, that living or dead he owed it all to the fond remembrance she kept of her first love. She could not forget her lost happiness, and remembering it too tenderly, perhaps, she, so quick, so impatient, and sarcastic, was humbled into the meekness of a loving wife.

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THE world has many prophets, in whose prophetic words we find the auguries of our future weal and woe, and in which there are often some strange realities. Of a year in which Christmas falls on Wednesday we are told by our "philosofrees and clerkes:"

If that the Christmasse Day
Fall upon a Wednesday,
That yeere shall be hard and strong,
And many huge wyndes amonge;
The somer good and mury shall be,
And that yeere shall be plentee;
Young folks shall die alsoo;
Shippes in the sea, tempest and woo!
What chylde that day is borne is his
Fortune to be doughty and wise,
Discrete also and sleyn of deede.

We have had a happy realization of some of its promises in the goodly fruitage and harvest of the summer. The sad affliction of the South was marked by a large mortality among children, while there are also many painful incidents which have realized the disasters at sea. But 1878 has gone, and let us turn to 1879, when Christmas comes on Thursday, and read the prophetic words for that year:

If Christmasse Day on Therusday be
A wonder wynter ye shoule see,
Of wyndes and of weders wicke,
Tempestes eke many and thicke.
The somer shel be strong and drye,
Corne and beestes much multiple,
Ther wher the land is good of tilth;
But kinges and lordes shel dye by filth:
Whatchylde thet day eborne bee,
He shell no doubt right weel ethee,
Of deeds that ben good and stable,
Of speeche ful wyse and raysonable.
But if sickeness that day thee felle
Hit may not long with the dwelle.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

One of the most brilliant and attractive contributions to the holiday publications, was the Christmas number of the *New York Graphic*, which contains the choicest variety of illustrations and reading matter, from the pen and pencil of some of the most prominent authors and artists. Reinhart has a fine pen and ink picture, "The Meeting House Drum," and a spirited scene of "The Trapper's New Year's Callers," is contributed by F. S. Church. "The Christmas Chimes," form a charming *pot pourri* of sketches from the four regular *Graphic* artists, illustrating various Christmas scenes. Darley, whose pencil has so exquisitely commemorated American scenes, gives a very realistic one of "The Pioneers' of New England." The various phases of "An American Christmas" are well drawn by Geo. Le B. Hartt, and Charles Weldon gives a lively picture of "Albion's Gift." "Christmas Meetings" are given in L. Hopkins' happiest style, and Gray Parker contributes a "Nursery Operetta" in a series of characteristic and vivid sketches. The reading matter contains a variety of stories and poems, in which the names of many well-known writers are contributers. The number is a most charming memorial of the Christmas season, and a superb specimen of the artistic skill achieved by the *Graphic*, for which it has become famous and welcome everywhere.

"The United Service" is the title of a new quarterly review, devoted to military and naval affairs, published by L. R. Hamersley & Co., of Philadelphia. In the contents of the first number are articles by Admiral Porter, Commodore Stevens, H. C. Trumbull, Captain Geo. E. Belknap, Russell Thayer and others, which introduce the magazine very auspicuously to the public. If the first number is a standard of the subsequent ones, it should meet with a large circulation and popularity among military and naval circles, as well as the public generally.

Messrs. Lea & Shepard, of Boston, have published a book entitled, "A Paper City," by D. R. Locke, whose humorous contributions under the name of "Petroleum V. Nasby" have given him a wide reputation. This last production of his pen is in his usual amusing and satirical style, and is intended to show up the rapid rise and decay of mushroom cities which are among the results of the mania for building in the West, by which an unscrupulous class of speculators lead on the unwary and credulous, and make them believe their brilliant paper representations are golden realities. The story is amusing, and at the same tims teaches a profitable lesson, which appeals to a number of readers who will quickly recognize its qualities. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

The author of "Donald's Schooldays," General O. O. Howard, has surprised his friends with the facility of his pen, in producing an excellent story, in which the adventures and incidents of Donald's life are graphically told, with the moral effect well brought out, and is calculated to inculcate some religious truths, but in such a form as to attract the youthful mind. It is a desirable addition to the Sunday school libraries, and should have a place in all of them. Published by Lea & Shepard, of Boston, and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

FACETIÆ.

The most perfect type of "sweet home" is the bee hive.

Indians never kiss each other, and; having seen a few Indians, we can't blame them.

It is safe to indorse the supposition that Adam expressly bit the apple because he had no knife.

If ignorance is bliss what a vast amount of unappreciated happiness there must be in this world.

The price of pork has so seriously declined that, according to an Iowa paper, no respectable pig can take on fat.

A Connecticut man has invented yellow spectacles for boarding-house keepers who want their lard to look like butter.

Indications point to the coldest winter on record. Thoughtful men are keeping a correct list of saloons in which fires are kept burning day and night.

"No," replied Mrs. Malaprop, slowly, "I can't say that I ever was in Dublin, but my mother has a second cousin called Irish, who dealt in cork; so there!"

"Sir," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes put me in mind of a sphere." "Of a sphere, madam! Why so, pray?" "Because they never have any point."

"It is the duty of every man to work," says the philosopher; but it is a duty that can be neglected by the average man with less gripes in the conscience than any other.

An agricultural paper says that milk comes through inheritence. Mebbe it does, but some of it looks as if it had come through a thunder shower with the lids of the cans off.

"Well," said an old bachelor when he found a basketful of baby on his front steps, "some men are born babies, and some achieve babies, and some have babies thrust upon them."

A young lady said to her lover: "Charley, how far is it round the world?" "About twenty-four inches, my darling," replied he, as his arm encircled her waist. She was the world to him.

There is nothing that illustrates shrinkage of values like the affidavits of husbands about their incomes when in divorce proceedings a motion is made for counsel fees and alimony.

"Twenty years ago," says a colored philosopher, "niggers was wuf a thousand dollars apiece. Now dey would be deah at two dollars a dozen. It's 'stonishin' how de race am runnin' down.

When a man, going home to dinner, sees a carpet on a line in the back yard, he regards it as an off-shore "cautionary signal," and sneaks down town and buys a soda cracker lunch at the corner grocery.

"Be ever ready to acknowledge a favor," says a writer. We are, sir; we are. What troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded down with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce.

Woman may revere man's powers, his intelligence, and mayhap his superiority, but when he comes to taking up a pan of ashes she covers every inch of floor around the stove within a radius of five feet with bits of old carpeting, and arms herself with a dust-pan and broom before she lets him begin the job.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

EFFECT OF RAIN.—Rain purifies air through producing motion in the particles of air, by which they are intermixed. Rain also precipitates noxious vapors and cleanses the face of the earth from unhealthy accumulations.

RELIEF FOR BURNS.—Alcohol applied immediately will give instant relief to burns and scalds, and generally prevent blistering. If it is a part of the body that cannot be immersed in the alcohol, apply it with a piece of cotton wet with it. Keep it saturated with it. Avoid the fire when using it, as it is inflammable.

WOODLAND AND THE ATMOSPHERE.—A large proportion of the vapor of the atmosphere may be accounted for through the transpiration from plant life, when there is about from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of woodland in a country, and, on this ground, we consider that the practice of forest culture should be highly commended as a means of improving atmospheric conditions.

DRESSING OF WOUNDS.—Surgeons in America and Europe are now using raw cotton as a dressing for wounds, and with excellent effect. A layer of cotton spread over a wound or over the surface exposed by amputation, protects the part thoroughly, filters the air, and prevents the access of floating germs, whether poisonous or not. It is important that the cotton be fresh and of good quality; and if it is to be used in a hospital, it should not be previously exposed to the air of that hospital; moreover, a dressing should never be renewed in the foul air of a ward.

NEW WASHING MACHINE.—An improved German washing machine accomplishes the operation by squeezing rather than by rubbing. It consists essentially of a cylindrical vessel which is fitted in a frame in such a way that it can be fixed in a vertical or horizontal position at pleasure, and the whole frame can be rotated by means of a crank. The fabrics, previously soaped, soaked and boiled, are packed in the vessel in a vertical position, rather loosely, around a zinc cylinder, and it is then filled with boiling soap suds, and the cover fastened upon it. It is now turned into a horizontal direction and rotated for fifteen minutes, part of the time to the right and part to the left. The zinc cylinder is thus rolled upon the clothes, and operates by pressure instead of by friction.

ELECTRIC SPARK PEN.—The *Nature* gives a description of an electric spark pen which has been invented for rapidly producing engravings for copper or zinc. A thin sheet of paper is attached to the plate. One of the poles of a battery is connected to the plate and the other pole to the top of the pen. The electricity then runs through, making a spark which perforates the paper in whatever way the artist directs the pen. As soon as the drawing is finished, the plate is rubbed over with greasy ink, laid on with an ordinary roller. The paper is removed, and the plate is dipped into the acid, which cuts away those portions not protected by the ink. The light of the spark is said to be sufficient for the artist even when he works in a dark room, and the pen is stated to be as manageable as an ordinary pencil.

FEMININITIES.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest yell of duty.

Young man, in beginning a courtship be sure you don't write, and then go ahead.

A young man calls his girl, who has promised to marry him, "Silence," because she gives consent.

With powder on her face, and bullet-buttons on her gown, the girl of the period is a dangerous character.

The kind of a strong-minded woman to whom all men kneel in adoration is the wifely, motherly woman who insists on making home happy.

"Dipped into a week solution of accomplishments," is the term now applied to those of our girls professing to be highly educated.

"Like the piano?" said the lady, "I should think I did. Why, the tuner has to come three times every two weeks—that's how I like it."

An observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar factory, as both refine what is already sweet.

It is a great shock to a man's nervous system to have a suspender button fly off just when he is making a profound bow to a lady on the street.

It takes two, three and even four clergymen nowadays to tie the matrimonial knot. In the good old time one clerical party had strength enough to do the work.

The saddest time, we think, in a young man's life is when his girl writes to him that she wants her old letters, and that he can have his fifty-cent diamond ear-rings upon application.

Snodgrass says that two young ladies kissing each other are like an emblem of Christianity, because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

Women have a great respect for old age. Watch a young lady seated in a street car between a young gentleman and an elderly one, and see how determined she is not to incommode the latter by crowding against him.

A lady felt such charity for a poor family that she took off her false hair and sold it for their benefit. Then she went home and knocked the chairs about until her husband purchased her a switch costing twice as much.

There is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good as a "nice girl." She is the sweet flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous, but these we only admire as we go by.

"Mother, what is an angel?" "An angel? Well, an angel is a child that flies." "But mother, why does papa always call my governess an angel?" "Well," explained mother, after a moment's pause, "she's going to fly immediately."

It is no indication that a lady is well dressed because her clothing is expensive. There are ladies whose garments cost thousands of dollars every year, and yet they are not so becomingly dressed as many ladies who never wear expensive toilets, but show superior taste in selecting appropriate costumes.

SOPHISTICATIONS.

Individual rascalities in the present day are probably as rife as ever. It is the old story—ingenuity and ability becoming mischievous through being applied to dishonest purposes. Sand in sugar; spent tea leaves, redried and recurled to look like new, black tea colored like green; mixtures of roasted corn and beans with coffee; and of queer odds and ends with cocoa; tobacco, gin, mustard, pepper, milk, port wine, sophisticated with substances which do not properly belong to them—all tell us that knavery is far too active in shops and manufactories.

The poor purchasers in humble neighborhoods are not the only victims; nor articles of necessity the only kinds to which fraudulent ingenuity is applied. The buyers of costly works in fine art have need of caution to an extent that many of them are far from suspecting. Experienced picture-buyers have come aware that pictures apparently old, and bearing the names of the great masters, are in too many instances really modern. Old panels and canvases are repainted with copies from fine pictures; the colors are purposely made dark and smoky, as if toned down by age; while the cracked surface of old varnish is imitated by placing the newly-painted picture for a time in a heated oven. Old china and earthenware are selling at prices perfectly monstrous, and this has set unscrupulous men to produce modern antiques, new products of the potter's mould, colored and decorated in exact imitation of much-prized productions of past centuries.

Coins are perhaps the productions on which the greatest variety of sophistical arts has been exercised; so fertile has roguery been in devising ways for inducing these pieces of metal to appear to be what they are not, but "smashers," "sweaters," and "clippers," it is now known, have been in various countries from very early ages. The name clippers explains itself; while the sweaters reduce the substance of the coin, either by shaking many of them together in a leathern bag, or by some other means, and appropriating the surface "sweat" obtained thereby. Smashing is not the making, but the circulating, of base coin; the word probably is thieves' slang, for the name of "smash feeder" is given by them to a nickel silver or imitative silver spoon.

Numismatists and coin collectors have good reason to know that nefarious skill is at work in their department. A very old and scarce coin, say of silver, is worth in the antiquarian market many times its weight in that metal: and hence is a strong temptation for the cleverly-dishonest to produce coins which can be sold for as many pounds as they cost shillings. Curiously enough, this laxity was known to ancients as well as to ourselves; for Roman coins have occasionally been dug up, some evidently plated, some as evidently washed over a mere surface of precious metal. At the present time, the Greek Islands shelter men who make false dies of old coins, as a preliminary to the manufacture of new specimens so doctored up as to pass for old.

Much could be said as to the sophisication or imitation of coins which, on account of their agear rarity, command a market price much beyond a beyond their original value; but the debasement or fraudulent imitation of current coin has also for ages afforded a field for misapplied ingenuity.

Without speaking of the more familiar facts in the coin history of this country, we may mention that before the accession of the present sovereign to the throne, the English silver coins were in a multitude of cases worn so completely smooth and plain, that forgers were tempted to put into circulation smooth discs of silver or alloyed silver, the intrinsic value of which was much below the current value of the real coins. When the overworn silver coins were called in, and sent to the Mint to be remelted, the smooth blanks were of two kinds, genuine and fraudulent. The practical officers at the Mint adopted a singular way of ascertaining whether any raised device had ever been on these blanks: they placed them on red-hot iron plates; when heated to a certain temperature the fraudulent pieces remained as plain as before, but the worn-down genuine coins presented the device very faintly re-introduced, of a greenish hue; this revival disappeared as the coins cooled down, but lasted long enough for the immediate purpose in view. Collectors themselves adopt a similar plan, when testing old silver coins of which the device is so worn down as to render the reign and date almost illegible; they place them upon a red-hot poker, and watch till the inscription comes temporarily into view.

Macaulay gives a graphic account of the woful state of the coinage in the closing years of the seventeenth century. Down to the time of Charles II., the blanks for coins were cut out from sheets by means of shears, and then hammered into circular shape; this circularity was by no means perfect, while the edge was often irregular, and without any legend or milling. One consequence of this was that the dishonest clipped and pared and filed the edges of the coins, and appropriated the fragments of gold and silver thus obtained. The government, on urgent and repeated representations from bankers, merchants, employers of labor, and shopkeepers, caused a machine to be constructed for milling or stamping the edge. But, unwisely, the old coins and the new were allowed to be in circulation at the some time, producing an effect which had not been duly foreseen. "Fresh wagon-loads of choice money came forth from the Mint; and still they vanished as fast as they appeared. Great masses were melted down; great masses exported: great masses hoarded; but scarcely one new piece was to be found in the till of a shop, or in the bag which the farmer carried home from the cattle-fair." The gibbet at Tyburn was at work nearly every week, executing wretched creatures, women as well as men, who had been convicted of clipping the coinage; but the profits of the nefarious trade were so large that even the terror of the gallows did not act as a cure. One clipper was wealthy enough to offer thirty thousand dollars as bribe for a pardon. He was unsuccessful; but, the fame of his riches did much to counteract the effect which the spectacle of his death was designed to produce.

The falsifications known to be practiced at the present day are many in kind. Small bits of metal are punched out of good coin, and melted down till there is enough to sell to a refiner. A sovereign is split in two, some of the inner gold taken away, a thin layer of cheaper metal put in, the two halves re-soldered, and the milled edge furbished up. A well-stamped coin is made, but of gold or silver lower in value than the proper standard, or it is "sweated" or subjected to some process that will take off a little of the good gold, without materially affecting the appearance of the surface.

The above-named methods of falsification are, it is believed, not so much practiced now as at some former periods; but the beautiful art of electro-metallurgy is, unfortunately, made to assist roguery in these matters. A case that attracted much attention in London some time back showed how far this is carried. In a busy neighborhood, sovereigns were tendered for purchases at numerous shops, good silver to be received as balance. The sovereigns were so undoubtedly gold, the "ring" so sound, and the devices so perfect, that the coins were taken without suspicion. But the person who made the purchases became known to the shopkeepers; questions were asked how golden sovereigns happened to be so plentiful in such a quarter; and an assay of the coin was determined on. One of the sovereigns was found to be good gold, and of the right ring, but was one-tenth short of the proper weight. The police, furnished with a cine, obtained entrance into a squalid room containing a galvanic battery, sulphuric acid, sulphate of zinc, sulphate of copper, and cyanide of potassium—ascertained by an analytical chemist to be such; besides these, were found in the room bent wires, files, plaster of Paris, emery powder, a board with round recesses sunk in its surface, steel burnishers, small crucibles, a blow-pipe, and other articles. The facts afterwards ascertained showed that the chief culprit was a man who had moved in better society, and possessed considerable knowledge of chemistry and electro-metallurgy. He knew how to take off two shillings worth of sterling gold from a sovereign without interfering with the sharpness of the device; and then to restore the lustre in the proper places by means of a steel burnisher. The victims had no other satisfaction than that of bringing the criminal to punishment. A banker would not have been deceived as the shopkeepers were; measuring and weighing would have revealed deficiencies not made manifest by ringing on a counter or testing with a touchstone.

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Torpedoes.

The development of submarine warfare has been so rapid of late that it is hardly possible to foretell what potent influence it may have on future wars. While England, France, Italy, and in fact nearly all the European naval powers, have been building large engines of war, of a tonnage, armor, and artillery never heard of before, the torpedo has been gradually perfected, and threatens, at least under many circumstances, to neutralize them. A torpedo may be regarded as a gun which dispenses with a gun carriage, and which, without the vast and expensive agency of a great ship, inflicts as formidable a blow as that of the heaviest artillery.

The original inventor was David Bushnell, born in Connecticut in 1742. He not only devised a torpedo, but also a submarine rowing-boat, intended to convey it to the bottom of the vessel to be attacked. His practical experiments, however, which he was enabled to carry out with the assistance of the private purse of Washington, did not prove successful; and the invention sank into oblivion until the commencement of the present century, when Robert Fulton, an American sojourning in France, offered a similar one to the French Government. After considerable parleying, it was rejected, and Fulton sold his secret to the British Admiralty for $75,000. The so called Catamaran Expedition, an attempt to destroy the French line-of-battle ships and transports off Boulogne, turning out a failure, Fulton returned to the United States, and, during the war of 1812, tried in vain to blow up several of the English blockaders. The rage of the British commanders knew no bounds and the proceedings were termed "unchristian," "the invention of a fiend," etc.

In 1829, Colonel Colt commenced experiments with a submarine torpedo exploded by a galvano-electric battery; and after many disappointments, succeeded on October 18, 1842, in destroying the brig Volta in New York harbor, in the presence of 40,000 excited spectators. So far only vessels at anchor had been attacked; but in 1843, he blew up a brig of 500 tons under sail on the Potomac river, he himself being the operator, and at the time five miles distant from the explosion.

The first European government to adopt the invention was Austria, who laid down a perfect electric torpedo net for the defence of Venice. Russia followed suit, and during the Crimean war protected the entrance to Cronstadt as well as that of Sebastopol harbor by an improved system of ground torpedoes, which kept the English fleet at a respectful distance. The American civil war for the first time clearly demonstrated the tremendous effect of the invention, and at the same time changed it from a purely defensive to an offensive weapon. Since then the electric apparatus for torpedoes and the torpedo itself have been vastly improved; and numerous new inventions have been introduced, all of which, however, may be classed under the five heads: Ground torpedoes, spar torpedoes, towing torpedoes, fish torpedoes, and the Lay torpedo.

The ground torpedo is a sort of sunken mine, exploding either by contact or by electricity. If these are judiciously laid down around a harbor or anchorage, the approach of hostile ships may be rendered impracticable, provided always they are protected by shore batteries or armed ships to prevent removal. Every channel may be barred by these hidden mines; and they may be made so powerful that any ship under which they explode is sure to become hopelessly disabled. They are fastened to and held in their positions either by anchors or by stockades. The bursting charge consists of gunpowder, gun cotton, or dynamite; and the case or shell is either made of iron or wood.

The spar torpedo is fastened to the end of a spar from 15 to 38 feet long, carried in a boat, no matter how small, and explodes either by electricity or contact. A vessel of this kind is scarcely discernible in the water; even if she were detected, she is so small that it would be difficult to hit her.

The towing torpedo was invented by an English officer in 1862. It was adopted by nearly all the other navies, and probably will be exclusively used in general actions at sea as least liable to injure a friendly vessel in the melee. The torpedo is towed upon the surface by a wire rope towline from a derrick end of the yard arm over or against the enemy; and just before reaching the ship to be destroyed this tow line is slackened, and the torpedo, being heavier than water, dives under it. When in this position the explosion is effected.

The Whitehead or fish torpedo invention is the secret and the property of the British Admiralty, but the following details have leaked out: These torpedoes resemble in shape a cigar, pointed at both ends, and are 18 feet long by two feet in diameter. The inside is divided in three different compartments: First, the head, which contains a charge of 350 pounds of gun cotton and the pistol or detonator to explode it; secondly, the balance-chamber, which is a machine for setting it so as to remain at any depth at which it is wished to travel under the water line; and lastly, the air chamber, which contains the engines and the compressed air to drive them. The after end supports the screws which propel the torpedo and and are made of the finest steel.

The Whitehead torpedo can be made to go at the rate of twenty miles for 1,000 yards, and at any depth that is desired from one foot to thirty feet. It can be set to explode either on striking an object or at any particular distance under 1,000 yards, either by percussion or fuse. It can also be set so that, if it misses the object aimed at, it will go to the bottom and explode at half-cock or come to the top on half cock so as to be recovered, as it has buoyancy enough just to float on the surface of the water when not in motion. It is fired from what is called an impulse tube, which, out of a frame fitted to a port, discharges the torpedo into the water, but will at once go to the depth it is set for, and then go straight to the object, no matter how fast the ship from which it is discharged is going, or how fast the object aimed at may be sailing or steaming. In fact, it seems that it can do anything but speak. It is calculated to make a hole on bursting of 70 feet area, and there is no doubt that if one of them hits a ship of any sort or description at present on the water, she must at once proceed to the bottom. The newly invented electric light from the tops is a great help to the party attacked; but if three or four boats of great speed attack a vessel from different points of the compass, and if they are commanded by smart officers, nothing that she can do will save her from being hit by one or more of them. There is no doubt whatever that this torpedo is the most formidable weapon of modern naval warfare.

Properly speaking, the Lay torpedo, the right to which invention belongs to the United States, is not a torpedo, but a very ingeniously devised submarine boat fitted with a spar torpedo. This boat has the advantage of not requiring any crew on board, but in other particulars is capable of great improvements. The motive power consists of an engine driven by carbonic acid gas and a screw propeller. The boat is entirely submerged, and is steered and in all other respects controlled by means of an electric battery on shore, connected with her by a cable which is coiled up in her hold and pays out as she moves away. Her location is indicated above the surface of the water by a flag, so as to enable the operator to direct her course. The greatest defect of the Lay torpedo is want of speed. The Government stipulated for a speed of nine miles per hour, but the maximum speed actually attained at a late trial trip, was a little over six miles. A ship attacked would only have to lower her boats and let them row between the approaching torpedo and the shore, and cut the cable, which would leave the torpedo at their mercy. The defence of ships, however, against torpedo attacks of all kinds is at present very imperfectly developed.

An Ant's Nest.

The common ants and their neighbors belong to the order of insects known as *Hymenoptera*, a group represented by other insects of social habits, such as bees, wasps and hornets. The termites, or white ants of the tropics, are the only ants foreign to this order of insects, the white ants being near relations of the dragon-flies, &c. The family history of the latter, may serve to introduce us agreeably to ant society at large. The nests of the termites may attain a height of five feet, and present the appearance of conical hillocks, formed of earth particles worked with a material as hard as stone. In the neighborhood of the nests, narrow covered galleries or underground ways are everywhere to be seen, these latter being the passages along which the materials used for building the nests are conveyed. The termites are small soft-bodied animals of a pale color, but resemble the common or true ants in that they live in colonies composed, like those of bees, of three chief grades of individuals. These grades are known as males, females, and blind neuters, the latter forming at once the largest bulk of the population, and including in their numbers the true working-classes of this curious community. In the common ants the neuters are regarded as being undeveloped female insects. These neuters exhibit in the termites a further division into ordinary workers, which perform the multifarious duties connected with the ordinary life of the colony, and soldiers, which perfectly exemplify the laws of military organization in higher life, in that they have no part in the common labor, but devote themselves entirely to the defence of the colony.

The workers appear to perform a never ending round of duties. They build the nests, make the roads, attend to the wants of the young, train up the latter in the ways of ant-existence, wait on the sovereigns of the nest, and, like diplomatic courtiers, duly arrange for the royal marriages of the future. The wonderful part in the history of the termites is, that not only is there a rigid division of labor, but nature has given to each class a structure of body adapting it to the kind of labor it has to perform. The males and females form a class apart, they do no kind of work, but in the course of growth acquire wings to enable them to issue forth and disseminate their kind. The workers and soldiers are wingless, and differ solely in the shape and armature of the head. This member in the laborer is smooth and rounded, the mouth being adapted for the working of the materials in building the hive. In the soldiers the head is of very large size, and is provided in almost every kind with special organs of offence and defence in the form of horny processes resembling pikes, tridents, and so forth. The course of human events in our day seems, unhappily, to make it more than ever necessary for the citizens of civilized and industrious communities to set apart a numerous armed class for the protection of the rest; in this, nations only do what nature has of old done for the termites. The soldier termes, however, has not only the fighting instinct and function; he is constructed as a soldier, and carries his weapon not in his hand but growing out of his body. When a colony of termites is disturbed, the ordinary citizens disappear and the military are called out. The soldiers mount to cover the retreat of the workers, when a hole is made in the archway of one of their covered roads; and with military precision the rear-men fall into the vacant places in the front ranks as the latter are emptied by the misfortune of war.

In a termite colony there is but one king and queen, the royal couple being the true parents of the colony. The royal apartments are situated in the centre of the hive, and are strictly guarded by workers. Both king and queen are wingless, and are of larger size than their subjects. The queen engages in a continual round of maternal duties, the eggs deposited by the sovereign-mother being at once seized by the workers and conveyed to special or nursery cells, where the young are duly tended and brought up. Once a year, at the beginning of the rainy season, winged termites appear in the hive as developments of certain of the eggs laid by the queen-termite. These latter are winged males and females, the two sexes being present in equal numbers. Some of these, after shedding their wings, become the founders—kings and queens—of new communities, the privilege of sex being thus associated with the important and self-denying work of perpetuating the species or race in time. Sooner or later—a termite family takes about a year to grow—a veritable exodus of the young winged termites takes place, and just before this emigration movement occurs, a hive may be seen to be stocked with termites of all castes and in all stages of development. The workers never exhibit a change of form during their growth; the soldiers begin to differ from the workers in the possession of larger heads and jaws; whilst the young which are destined to become the winged males and females are distinguished by the early possession of the germs of wings which become larger as the skin is successively moulted.

The common ants, the study of which in their native haunts is a matter of no great difficulty, and one which will fully reward the seeking mind, possess, like the termites, three grades of individuals. In a single nest of common ants more than one female may be found, the ants differing from the bees in this respect; and in the nests of some species of ants there are apparantly soldiers; resembling the military termites in the possession of large heads and well-developed jaws. Very amazing differences are to be perceived amongst the various species of ants. Differences in size are of common occurrence, but naturalists have actually succeeded in classifying ants in a general way, by differences in manner and disposition. We know, for example, that the horse ant has little *individual* intelligence, but is extremely socialistic, and moves and acts *en masse*. Another species is timid and retiring. Another is a revengeful creature since it worries its fallen foes; others are termed thieves and cowards; some are phlegmatic; and to complete the list of failings and traits which are human enough in character, one species is said to present an invariable greediness as its prevailing characteristic.

Certain rather special, and it may be said extraordinary habits of ants may, however, demand notice before we attempt a brief survey of their instincts at large. Few readers are unacquainted with the *Aphides*, or plant-lice, those little wingless insects which infest our plants and herbs in myriads in summer. It is a fact now well known to naturalists, that between the ants and plant-lice relations of a very friendly and, as far as the ants are concerned, advantageous character have become established. Ants have been observed to stroke the tips of the bodies of the plant-lice to exude drops of a clear sweet fluid, of which the ants are extremely enamoured. The ants would thus appear to habitually "milk" their insect-neighbors, and, as far as observation goes, some ants seem not merely to keep the plant-lice in their nests so as to form a veritable dairy establishment, but also to make provision in the future by securing the eggs of the aphides, and bringing up the young as we rear calves.

Not less remarkable are the "slave-making" instincts of certain species of ants. Some are thoroughly dependent on their slaves. Without these bondsmen it is difficult to see how the ants could exist. The workers of one species perform no work save that of capturing slaves. Use and wont, and the habit of depending entirely on their servitors, have produced such changes in the structure of these ants, that they are unable to help themselves. The jaws of these ants are not adapted for work; they are carried by their slaves from an old nest to a new one; and, more extraordinary still, they require to be fed by their slaves, even with plenty of food close at hand.

The explanation of the slave-making instinct in ants begins with the recognition of the fact that many ants, not slave makers, store up pupæ of other species for food. If we suppose that some of the pupæ originally acquired through a cannibal like instinct came to maturity within the nest of the captors, and in virtue of their own inherited instincts engaged in the work of the hive, we may conceive of a rational beginning of the slave-making instinct. If, further, the captors learned to appreciate the labors of their captives, as lightening their own work, the habit of collecting pupæ as slaves might succeed and supersede that of collecting them for food.

The slaves of a species in Switzerland, work with their masters in building the nest; they close and open the doors of the hive; but their chief office appears to be that of hunting for plant-lice. Elsewhere, on the contrary, the slaves are strictly household servants, rarely venturing out of doors. Such differences depend most probably on the fact of a greater number of slaves there, and they may therefore be employed in a wider range of duties on the continent than here.

But between the reason and intelligence of higher animals and the "instinct" of ants, there is unquestionably a great gulf fixed.

Recently published experiments by an eminent English scientist, show that ants, under certain circumstances are both stupid and devoid of any intelligent comprehension in the way of surmounting difficulties; but this distinguished observer has also shown that as regards communication between ants, and in the regulation of the ordinary circumstances of their lives, though the insects evince high intelligence, and exhibit instincts of a very high development of extraordinary mental powers in some species there can be little doubt of the purely automatic beginnings and nature of most, if not all, of the acts of ordinary ant-existence. The young ant, wasp or bee, will begin its labors and discharge them as perfectly at the beginning of its existence as a perfect insect, as at the close of life. Here there is no experience, no tuition, no consciousness, no reason, and no powers save such as have been transferred to the insect as a mere matter of heredity and derivation from its ancestors, who lived by an unconscious rule of thumb, so to speak. It is very hard at first to convince oneself, when watching an ant's nest, that intelligence and consciousness play little or no part in the apparently intelligent operations of these insects. But to assume the contrary would be to maintain that the insect stands on an equal footing with man himself, and for such a supposition there is neither lawful ground nor sympathy.

◆

Before Christian of Denmark came into his kingdom his income was only about $10,000 a year, and the Princess of Wales, in common with his other daughters, was brought up to make her own bonnets and clear starch her own collars.

Banish Them to the Limbo

of things lost on earth. Banish what? Why, the poisonous metallic enamels, the astringent washes, and the corrugating fluids that attempt to compete with that popular beautifier and preservative of the complexion, Laird's Bloom of Youth, which analysis has proven to be harmless, and experience has shown to be perfectly reliable. Freshness, rosiness, and lustre adorn the face to which it is applied. Use it, ladies, it will double your attractions.

NEWS OF INTEREST

Four Hindoo women have graduated from the Madras Medical College.

A Texas cattle owner presented his daughter on her wedding day with 80,000 head of cattle.

There is a cry for game protection in Michigan, where deer are slaughtered by wholesale.

The tide of immigration to Texas from Germany is said to be heavier last year than ever before.

New sets of earrings and bracelets are of two different colors, one being green gold and the other red.

London, like Rome, has had a visitation of fleas, which, it is believed, were imported in Oriental matting.

The slave trade is being steadily carried on in the Red Sea, the slaves being taken from Abyssinia to the Arabian coast.

In Paris, the rage is for old buttons, great prices being paid for those in steel, silver, jasper, pebbles or Alençon diamonds.

The number of physicians in Prussia is 1878 was 8,223; of surgeons, 149, and of dentists, 251. The number of inhabitants was 25,724,404.

Compensation of Nature: A resident of Belvidere, Ill., formerly near-sighted, has recovered his vision and completely lost his hearing.

The German soldier who would discard his helmet and fight in a forage cap would get a fortnight's imprisonment, according to discipline.

Parlor tables are covered entirely in garnet silk plush, not a particle of wood being visible, and are trimmed with brass mouldings and silk fringe.

Private theatricals are the rage in England, and "the Hon. Mrs. Harry Needham, granddaughter by marriage to the Earl of Kilmorey," has made her debut.

"Phœnix" after dinner coffee sets are little china mugs set in little saucers, which rest upon a little tray, and hold a little spoon. They are both pretty and quaint.

The Hereditary King of Hanover, who has just became the brother-in-law of Albert Edward, would be a handsome man were it not that his nose has been broken and unskillfully set.

The Children's Aid Society, of New York, has provided homes among the farmers of Southern Virginia for more than two hundred boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen years.

Large scale maps of Afghanistan, printed on calico pocket handkerchiefs, have been distributed among the officers and men who are taking part in the campaign against the Ameer.

The Countess of Roseberry was the last prey of the English jewel robbers, who stole one of her jewel caskets on the train between Edinburgh and London, but only obtained $3,000 worth.

An unfortunate social scandal is agitating military circles in Washington on the discovery that Lieutenant Blair, of the army, who recently married the widow of General Gordon Granger, has a wife and children in Scotland.

King Kalakua, of the Sandwich Islands, who writes racy idiomatic English, has addressed a letter of several pages to a gentleman in this city concerning the invention of a gun with which he has been amusing his royal leisure.

The Chinese must go ahead. An attache of the Embassy at Paris, Ma by name, has passed his examination for the degree of Bachelor of Letters, though he had only been a year in France, and did not know the language when he arrived in the country.

Among the Russian mission lately received in Cabul was found an outlawed Afghan of note. The Ameer recognized the culprit and in spite of the protests of the general in charge of the mission the delinquent paid the penalty of his rashness with his head.

Bayard Taylor's remains will be brought to Cedarcroft for burial. The deceased was a generous, free-handed man, and has left but little property. But for a life insurance policy of $10,000 his widow would have been left penniless.

Hydrophobia has been uncommonly frequent in the foxhound kennels of England this year. Several famous packs have suffered greatly from this terrible disease, and now it is announced that the malady has broken out among the Queen's buckhounds.

A girl, thirteen years old, recently hanged herself in London for no ascertainable reason whatever. She was said to have been healthy and of a playful turn of mind, which did not prevent her from strangling herself with a muffler fastened to a door handle.

Prof. Tingley, of Asbury University, Indiana, claims to have discovered hitherto unknown principles in mathematics which will render necessary a revision of the text books, and "give meaning and comprehensibility to things which have heretofore been meaningless or imaginary."

The little Prince of Naples has suffered much in health since the attempt to assassinate his royal father. His nights were disturbed by vivid dreams, in which the figure of the assassin appeared to him and all the incidents of the affair were rehearsed until he awoke with a cry of terror.

Lady Sophia MacNamara who accompanies Princes Louise, is an Irish girl from Kerry, a sister of Lord Listowel, who was long a lord in waiting on the Queen. She was a maid of honor, and as such formed a friendship with the Princess. She is the wife of a plain English squire of fair fortune.

An English bridegroom, residing at Plymouth, had a very eventful honeymoon. He quarreled with and thrashed his wife the second hour after marriage, thrashed her again at night, after clubbing the wedding guests out of the house, and on the second day sold all his clothes, excepting his trousers, for rum, and wound up in jail on the third day.

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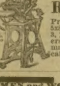

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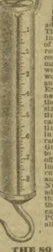

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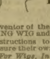

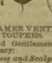

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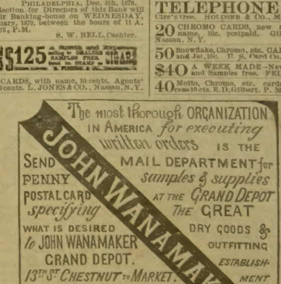

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LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The styles which mark the termination of the fashions of 1878, supply the index for the fashions which will reign during the winter of 1879, in which we find a division into three prominent features,—the short costume for walking and morning wear, the demi-train dress for the afternoon and visiting, and the long train which is reserved exclusively for full dress occasions; and it is probable that these will supply the foundation on which Dame Fashion will create her new ideas for spring, when the question of the continued popularity of the short dress will be positively decided. The various modifications which it will assume during the interval will also either establish the panier and crinoline, which are trying to attain a place to which the approval of Fashion and public opinion will give a permanent popularity, or they will be banished to make way for some new whim which Fashion's versatile ingenuity may devise.

The materials which share popularity with each other are almost endless in number for costumes of moderate cost and for every day wear, there are soft lovely woven cloth, camel's hair and chuddah cloths in the dark shades of grenat blue, green and olive, but it is in the fancy materials which are so extensively used for the trimmings of dresses that the greatest variety of designs are found. Silk, satin or velvet are the combinations used in these fabrics, to which the term "Pekin" is universally applied when the designs are in stripes, and this seems more generally preferred as a trimming than the figured design, and enters largely in the making of handsome, or plain toilettes, for judiciously applied, it beautifies both with a great or moderate expense. The figured velvets are also used in the same successful way, and as all these materials have various grades of quality and prices, they come within the reach of the most economical, and in the renovating of an old dress, the result of its combination with some well-selected material of this character is as charming and stylish as that attained by a costly new one.

Even in costumes of a plain woolen material which seems to be as old fashioned as to inspire nothing which is suggestive of the new, a few yards of some "Pekin" of the same color, or some pretty broche material, used as a vest and revers on the drapery, or a fold in its edge will transform them into costumes quite up to the standard established by Fashion.

The jacket or coat which, in its variety of names almost rivals the colors of Jacob's renowned garment, is the most prominent model and is adapted for street costumes, and toilettes for house wear, and even encroaches on the styles in vogue for evening costumes. The passion for antiquities shows itself in this as in other things, for the fanciful vest and coat recall the costumes of the last century. The coat of velvet figured or plain is accompanied by the long waistcoat of embroidered satin or silk, with the lace collar and jabot or cascade of lace extending down the front of the vest and even across its lower edge. Large mosquitaire cuffs are added to the coat with frills of lace and large square pockets, while the buttons suggest another extreme extravagance of taste and design.

Plain and ribbed velvet or velvet with watered striped, brocade or brocatelle materials, are used for these coats, while the vest introduces something in color and material which will be in contrast to the coat, and form the trimming applied to the skirt. A silk costume which shows the effect of its service as an evening dress, can be renovated at a trifling expense, by the addition of a coat of one of the materials alluded to. For instance a garnet colored silk may have a coat of brocaded velvet of the same color, or one of striped velvet in which old gold color is blended with the garnet. For costumes of woolen materials, these striped or figured materials are added in the form of a vest, cuffs, collar, and revers or bias folds on the skirt.

The "princesse" dress has not been entirely banished from its popular position, but its former straight lines are changed into the irregular effect produced by a more bouffant style of drapery, and an additional fullness is given by inserting in the back two or three straight breadths their entire length, or soft irregular puffs of silk are introduced to give the more modern bouffant effect.

An easy method of renovating a plain black silk princesse dress for house wear is to insert in the corsage a vest of striped watered silk, or satin and velvet and replace the plain front breadths of the skirt by breadths of the material selected for the vests; these are scalloped at the bottom and show underneath a plain silk or satin pleating. The plain silk fronts of the corsage are carried down each side of the vest and extending half way down the length of the skirt are pleated up towards the back producing the effect of the butterfly or panier style of drapery. The back of the corsage is fitted down smoothly to the length of a basque, and the train is pleated on to where the waist seams terminate, the train is turned back on each side with revers of the striped material. A cascade of white lace trims the fronts of the vest and a full pleating of black lace trims the plain silk fronts each side of the vest and extends all around the edge of the side drapery. Long thin transparent sleeves of black or white lace are used instead of the silk sleeve where a dressy effect is desired without the necessity of much change in the dress. These are cut coat shape, and are trimmed with two full pleatings of lace, or if passementerie forms the dress trimming, perpendicular rows of fine passementerie alleviated with rows of lace for the sleeve.

In the list of costumes for everyday wear which I think worthy of mention, is one of otter-colored cashmere, with a deep kilted skirt ornamented with three bands of otter-colored brocaded ribbon placed flat on the pleats at intervals, and holding them in place; the coat opened over a waistcoat of otter-colored moire with double rows of blue and otter-colored silk; on the back the long swallow-tails of the coat are of otter-colored moire, united by a large blue bow, and the pockets, cuffs, revers &c., were ornamented by fancy gilt buttons.

While on the subject of street costumes, I may mention that fur bands are again popular as a trimming for dresses of cloth or velvet; the skirt is of velvet; it is generally perfectly plain and is formed by a deep flounce of velvet extending to the knee, on a skirt foundation of some cheaper material, and about three or four inches from the edge is placed a band of the fur, which also trims the draped overskirt and coat, which is cut half fitting to the figure with a deep collar, and cuffs edged with fur; others I have seen are made with a long, tight-fitting basque, like a short polonaise worn over a skirt draped on the velvet underskirt.

The pleated basque with yoke has been very much modified since its introduction, the yoke is much smaller, and is either embroidered or made of a contrasting material which is used to trim the rest of the dress. The long basque, which has a resemblance to the polonaise, is relieved in its appearance of length by a belt and buckle. Fashion has again brought to light and favor the bretelle style of trimming, which is becoming alike to stout and thin figures. I have already seen it adapted to an evening dress with very pretty effect, the bretelles being composed of lace, the edges sewed together, forming a barbe, which is extended over the shoulders and down the back, and fell below the waist in two ends. Breton lace is so extensively used as to almost banish the other imitations from the field, and the passion for vests and coats increases the fancy for lace as a trimming, in which it is arranged in full cascades or jabots down the front of the vest and across the bottom, as well as forming full frills for the wrists. It is soft and becoming, and at the same time not at all expensive. Fichus, jabots, ties and sleeves are made of this lace. For evening dresses, white and black are among the most popular colors; black lace is relieved with jet and beaded lace, and gold and fancy ornaments. A plain princesse dress of black satin or silk forms the foundation, over which the black tulle or net is draped in full puffs; very lovely evening dresses for young ladies are made of white Organdy trimmed with a great deal of Breton lace, but soft white barege has been made up very extensively for evening wear, and produces a more charming effect than some of the richer material, without much expense. The foundation may be of white silk on which are pleatings of the barege edged with lace, or pipings of satin and a flossy crimped fringe are used as the trimming. A variety of this material is shown with satin stripes.

A ball costume of more expensive materials was made of white crape over white satin. The whole of the front was in puffs of the crape, ending at the bottom with a deep pleating, headed by a wreath of stephanotis and leaves. This crepe pleating, without its flower heading, extended around the sides and back of the skirt which was covered its entire length with tiny frills of crepe, and was further ornamented by a broad scarf of white satin draped in three places with boquets of stephanotis and trailing leaves. The bodice which was made of satin simply piped at the edge, was cut with long basques on the hips and low in the neck, trimmed with a small pleated bertha of crepe upon which were small boquets of the flowers.

Bonnets are in such variety of shapes, that almost every style can be worn and be within the pale of fashion, and every face can be suited with a becoming shape and trimming; but the small, close-fitting cottage is more frequently seen than others of more conspicuous size. Felt is used for ordinary wear in tints to match the dress, and ribbed velvets in plush bright colors are used for dress bonnets. Some very dressy bonnets are composed of feathers and loops of satin ribbon, which form the strings, but without any crown.

The close of the holiday season and the new year generally inaugurate a marked change in the prices of dress goods, which are marked down to such figures as make the coveted bargain frequently encountered in one's shopping expedition. Mr. Wanamaker has already taken the initiative steps towards this direction, and in my next I will give my readers a few hints on the result.

Our Fireside Chat.

Home-Made Sweets.—I suppose it is true that there are not very many grown-up people who have not, at least once during the period of youthful days, indulged in the supreme delight of "boiling toffee." We can all remember doing it: first laying our plans, then persuading the cook to admit us into the kitchen, then obtaining possession of the requisite saucepan and ingredients, and after a time, when the house was filled with a scent suggestive of a sugar refinery in flames, producing a compound burnt and sticky and horrible, which yet was "sucked" with appreciative gusto, and presented in minute portions to intimate friends as a conclusive and valuable proof of esteem and regard.

We have grown wiser since those days, and have come to understand that confectionery is one of the fine arts, and is not to be taken up and practiced at a moment's notice. Perhaps we have been favored with a view of French sweetmeats, and have seen the chocolate creams and liquor bon-bons, the flavored tablets, the almond and pistachio souffles, the brochettes of dried fruits, the brilliant rosolios and imitation fruits, the bouchees and pralines of Parisian manufacture. We acknowledge their perfection and the wonderful genius which they display, but we feel that it is something quite beyond us, and that if we were to attempt to imitate them we should be sure to fail most ignominiously, and, more than that, our good materials would be wasted and destroyed.

It must be confessed that when a good confectioner is at hand, ordinary people, who only require his elegant fanciful trifles in small quantities and at uncertain intervals, will find it more economical and more satisfactory, as well as more convenient, to buy what is wanted ready-made, rather than attempt to make the things at home. Still there are a few simple sweetmeats which do not present so many difficulties as the rest, and these may be attempted without fear of failure, and they will be sure to be appreciated.

And first, our old friend the toffee. To make this one pound of very finely powdered sugar should be procured; the kind which is called by confectioners castor sugar is the best for the purpose. This should be put into a perfectly clean saucepan with a teacupful of cold water, and placed on the fire till it is dissolved. Then four ounces of fresh butter, which has been beaten in a bowl with the hands or with a wooden spoon till it looks like cream, should be stirred into the syrup, and the mixture should be kept stirred until it will "set"—that is, until a little dropped into cold water becomes hard. It will be necessary to try the toffee frequently, as it quickly passes from the "done" to the burnt stage; just before it is ready five or six drops of the essence of lemon should be added to it. The preparation should be poured upon an oiled or buttered tin and left till cold, when it can be easily removed and broken up into convenient pieces. If liked, it can, when it begins to set, be marked in squares, into which it can afterwards be broken. Four ounces of blanched almonds, which have been split into strips, can be thrown into the toffee instead of the lemon flavoring, if preferred; thus almond toffee will be produced.

Barley sugar is another sweetmeat that may, with a little practice, be successfully made. It is a great favorite with children, and when quite pure is very wholesome; and, of course, there need be no anxiety about the purity of home-made barley sugar. For this, one and one-half pounds of fine loaf sugar should be broken into small lumps, and boiled over the fire with a pint of water. It should be skimmed carefully till it looks like glue, and when dropped into cold water becomes brittle and will snap. The juice of a lemon and six drops of essence of lemon should now be added, the sugar boiled up just once, and then the bottom of the pan should be placed in cold water till the first heat has subsided. The preparation should be then poured upon a marble slab which has been slightly smeared with butter. It will, of course, spread out, but it should be drawn together with a knife, and kept as much as possible in a lump.

As soon as it is cool enough to handle, pieces about the size of an egg may be cut off, rolled to the form of round sticks, and twisted slightly, as barley sugar usually is bought. These should be put on an oiled sheet and left till they are cold and stiff, when sugar should be sifted lightly over them.

Burnt almonds, properly called pralines, are delicious and favorite sweetmeats, and they are not particularly difficult to make. For these it will be necessary to have any quantity of good Jordan almonds, say half a pound. These should be rubbed in a clean cloth and shaken in a sieve, to free them from dust and broken fragments, then put before the fire to get slightly warmed; three-quarters of a pound of sugar should now be boiled with half a pint of water, till the surface looks like large pearls or globules, when a few drops of prepared cochineal, a few drops of vanilla, or any other suitable essence, and the almonds should be thrown in, and all stirred gently together with a wooden spoon, to detach the sugar both from the bottom and sides of the saucepan. The almonds should be kept from sticking to the bottom of the pan, and should be thoroughly turned over and over, so that they may be well coated, or, as it is called, "charged" with sugar. As soon as they give out a crackling noise the pan should be removed from the fire and still gently stirred, until the sugar has the appearance of being grained almost like sand, when almonds, sugar and all should be turned upon a wire sieve and covered with paper for five minutes.

At the end of that time the almonds should be picked out, and the grained sugar put again into the sugar boiler with just enough water to dissolve it, and when it is again boiled to the point it had before reached, the almonds should be thrown in again, and stirred again until they have received another coating, being careful only to keep them entirely separate. The operation may be repeated a third, and even a fourth time, when they will probably be double their original size and are done. It is to be expected that a little additional sugar flavoring and coloring will have to be added before they are finished. They ought to have a rugged, uneven surface, to be of a light pink color, and to be crisp and hard when bitten in half. They may either be used as they are or wrapped in fancy papers.

If it is wished to impart a glazed appearance to burnt almonds, they should, when prepared, be dropped into a little thickly dissolved gum-arabic, boiling hot, and stirred lightly till they are covered with the gum, then turned on a sieve to dry.

Cocoa-nut rock, that favorite with the youngsters, may also be managed with comparative ease. For this it will be necessary to procure the ingredients in the proportion of 1 lb. of cocoa-nut to 1 lb. of loaf-sugar in a half-pint of milk, and the whites of two eggs. Grate the cocoa-nut and boil it in the milk with the sugar until the syrup seems about to become solid sugar, then add the well-whisked whites of the eggs and beat all thoroughly. Have a pudding tin already buttered, spread the mixture in this about three-quarters of an inch thick, and put it in the oven to dry. The oven must be of a gentle heat, and the door had better be left open while the rock is in it. Cut the preparation into squares and store it in a dry place.

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WEAK LUNGS AND SENSITIVE THROATS, are severely tried by the sudden changes of temperature, which are usual in our climate, and we accordingly find Asthmatic Affections, Lung Troubles, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, and similar complaints, more or less prevalent at all seasons. Coughs and Colds, the forerunners of these often fatal complaints, should be prudently taken in hand on the first symptoms, by resorting at once to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, an old and well-tried remedy, certain to remove your Cold, and to exert a healing and strengthening effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

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Two young ladies who have been intimate for seven years made a remarkable discovery the other day. A word dropped in conversation by one caused the other to remark, in a surprised way: "Why, you don't mean to say you are a church member! Why, so am I!" and they shook hands warmly.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

MEDOC, (Erie, N. Y.)—Dr. Harvey, an English physician, discovered the circulation of the blood in 1619.

ANNIE, (Coord, Ala.)—We do not know where the line,

''God is too wise to err, too good to be unkind,'' occurs; probably it is from some hymn.

T. J. (Jackson, Mich.)—It is a case which depends so much on circumstances that we are unable to give an opinion from the mere outline you have forwarded us.

READER, (Penobscot, Me.)—The quotations. ''He rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick,'' and ''These are the times that try men's souls,'' are from the works of Thomas Paine.

W. Z. (Lebanon.)—Jean Ingelow, the poetess, is the daughter of Mr. William Ingelow of England, and is a lady of middle age. Her poems are very popular, both here and abroad.

L. A. (Hamburgh, Va.)—Virginia was so called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the ''Virgin Queen,'' in whose reign Sir Walter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonize that region.

EARNEST, (Brown, Tex.)—The trade you mention is a very good one to put a youth to, but of course a great deal depends upon the industry, intelligence, and steadiness of the boy himself.

R. F. P. (Kanawha, W. Va.)—The verses are not up to the standard fitting them for publication. Bashfulness must be cured by the enforcement of self-possession, and by the energetic exercise of the will.

ANNIE H.—When pearl has become discolored, it is rarely to be restored. Allowing it to soak in ordinary salt brine, containing a small portion of iodide of potassium, will be the most likely method to improve it.

JACQUES, (Marion, Iowa.)—She being thirty-five and you seventeen, she is too old for you, and you are too young to get along without your parents' advice. Wait four or five years, and you will want a younger girl.

M. E. D. (Rockingham, N. H.)—If a young gentleman when engaged to a young lady, attends dancing places, &c., thereby violating the solemn pledges given by him to the lady, she should at once break off the engagement.

ELEANOR, (Philada., Pa.)—In the first place, it is no longer the fashion for gentlemen to take wine with ladies at dinner; but even where the custom is preserved, the lady does not say anything to the gentleman, but merely bows.

A. (Georgetown, D. C.)—If you wanted the word Alice represented in the stones of a ring, you would choose Amethyst, Lynx-sapphire, Idocrase, Chrysoberyl, and Emerald; or any group of stones whose initial letters spell the name.

MAUDE S. (Hanson, Mass.)—Glycerine enters into preparations which are recommended for the hair. The name Catharine is of Greek origin, and means ''pure.'' Marian is derived from Mary, Hebrew in origin, and meaning ''bitter.''

J. L. JOHNS, (Hampshire, Ill.)—A Kaffir lady's dress would not be exactly suitable for masquerade costume in this country, it consisting of a scanty bullock's skin, and a feather or two on the head. Your handwriting is neat and lady-like.

SLEEPYHEAD, (Montgomery, Tenn.)—Drowsiness may arise from many causes: such as want of exercise, malt or spirituous liquors, smoking, want of aperient medicine, over-feeding, &c. See a physician or study your case, and adopt the remedy accordingly.

J. DAVIS, (Windham, Conn.)—The concertina was first constructed by Sir Charles Wheatstone, of England, and first submitted to public notice in June, 1838. It was then called the symphonian with bellows, and not until December 27th, in that year, was it named the concertina.

ENQUIRER, (Garland, Ala.)—Regarding the license or special tax, you should speak to one of the local officers of your State or a lawyer, as the law differs in nearly every State of the Union. We have referred your other question to a reliable house, which will communicate with you.

GILDEE, (Athens, O.)—Young ladies ought not need to be instructed as to matters of ordinary propriety. You can tell fortunes from teacups as well as from anything else; but, unfortunately, you can't tell them from anything. A young gentleman will be wise to refrain from the discussion of his sweetheart's charms in miscellaneous company.

W. HAWTHORNE, (Gussmans, La.)—The flavor of tobacco depends much upon the season and climate in which the plant is grown. The same may be said of the grape, as regards its producing various qualities of wine. Snuff, after it has been made, is scented with bergamot, lemon, attar of roses, and other odors.

HYPO, (Hanly, Ky.)—As the animal system does not admit of two excitements at the same time, most morbid affections are relieved by new excitements, and these abating, the disease abates, and is often cured. This is called sympathy, and the stomach and brain appear to be the common centres of it.

PETTI-VOCE, (St. Croix, Wis.)—Never having heard you sing, and therefore being totally unacquainted with the qualities of your voice, we are unable to name any salary likely to be earned in the East or elsewhere. A good voice is a fortune to many, but a tolerable one merely often bars a sanguine person's advancement in life.

C. W. W. (Aiken, S. C.)—To remove mildew from paper requires a careful operation. Procure from a druggist a solution made of fifteen grains of bichloride of mercury, in a quarter of a pint of distilled water. With this liquid brush the mildewed parts, using a camel's hair pencil for the purpose; then expose the paper to dry in plenty of air and sunlight.

F. L.—When property is ''thrown into Chancery,'' as the familiar phrase is, it of course remains there until the case has been thoroughly argued and judgment has been delivered. The length of time that this may last depends entirely on the case itself, its complexity or simplicity, and other circumstances: but there are not now the delays which in years past were wont to disgrace the Court of Chancery.

MORRIS, N. (Saline, Kans.)—The number of teeth at maturity is thirty-two, or sixteen in each jaw. The eight front ones are called cutting teeth, and the two next on each side are called dog or eye teeth. The two next are two pointed teeth, and three next on each side are called molars or grinders. The two last are called wisdom teeth, as they are cut last, and come about the age of maturity.

STUDENT, (Chester, Pa.)—Anaxagoras, an Athenian, who flourished in the fifth century before Christ, taught that wind was owing to rarefaction; that the rainbow was owing to reflection; that the moon is enlightened by the sun; that comets are wandering stars; that the fixed stars were beyond the sun, &c.; many of them regarded as modern discoveries. He was persecuted and banished by the priesthood.

TAPPERTIT, (Philada., Pa.)—Watches are supposed to have been invented by Peter Hele, at Nuremburg, in 1490, though is is said that Robert King of Scotland, had one about 1310. They were first used in astronomical observations in 1500; first introduced into England from Germany in 1587. The principle of pendulums was first invented in 1657. Spring pocket watches were the invention of Hooke in 1658, and repeaters were invented in the year 1676.

AD-DIE, (Platte, Mo.)—You should tell the lady with whom you are living, and who treats you like a mother, what the doctor's conduct towards you has been and is. His behavior is certainly impertinent and disgraceful, and he should be exposed, so that respectable families might know what he is, and exclude him from that intimacy in the domestic circle to which a family physician necessarily attains.

SUB, (New York, N. Y.)—It is not positively known how the custom of kissing the Pope's toe originated. One author says that formerly it was usual to kiss his hand; but that towards the end of the eighth century a certain woman, in making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope—his name was Leo—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which he had been exposed. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand.

SALTOS, (Mercer, N. J.)—The exercise of the body which takes place in decent dancing may, in the first place, be healthy. We can also tell by the dance whether a person is in health, and has no corporal defect, which is convenient for those to know who mean to marry. One is also thereby aware whether a person is of a lively or sleepy disposition, for one who is simple and maladroit cannot dance well. Finally, at marriages and festivals, the young ladies know not what to set about after dinner, or to what purpose they have put on their best apparel, especially if it should rain or be otherwise bad weather.